The Literary Digest

FOR MAY 8, 1937

Volume 123 • Number 19 • Whole No. 2455

Copyright 1937 • Funk & Wagnalls Company
Published at 354 Fourth Ave. • New York

Contents

CRIME	22
ENGINEERING	17
FINANCE AND INDUSTRY	40
FOREIGN COMMENT	10
LETTERS AND ART	32
LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR	35
MUSIC	30
NATURE	36
OFF-SIDE	44
PARADE	9
PRESS	16
PSYCHOLOGY	31
RADIO	12
RELIGION	25
SCIENCE AND MEDICINE	18
SCREEN	29
SPORTS	38
THE SPICE OF LIFE	44
TOPICS IN BRIEF	8
TOPICS OF THE DAY	3

Information for Subscribers

TERMS: United States and Canada, $4.00 a year, in advance, $2.00 six months; 10 cents a copy. Foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given. THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary*, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., London Office, 27a Farringdon Street. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

Mail

Of Dogs and Bachelors

By JOHN H. SMITHSON, Columbia Bachelors' Club—

I read with interest and yet a certain regret your article on the "Dog-House" organization.

The regrets, I tender to Mr. William Lang. Had he been born ten years later, he might have been spared the wos of marriage that forced him into the "Kennel" club. The Columbia Bachelors' Club provides the means for rescuing mankind from the horde which has been on the march to rope us in ever since the fateful days of that first culprit, Eve.

Let us rally to the standard of Bachelordom, and for those for whom it is too late, the standard of Kenneldom.

New York City.

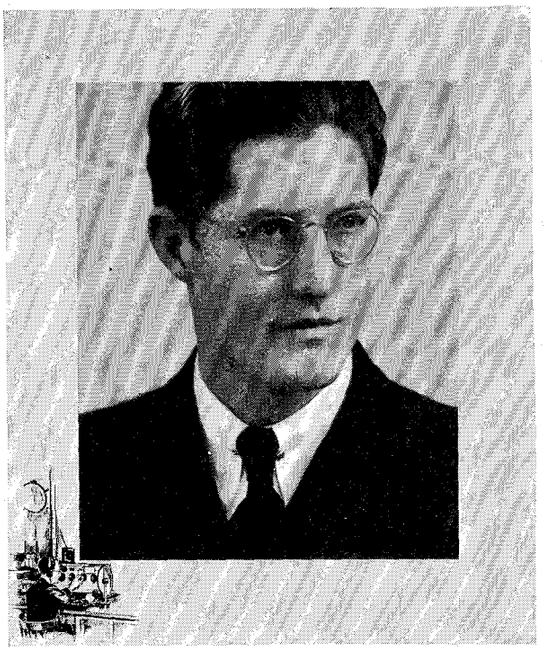
Roosevelt for King

By DAVID PAGE—

The clipping you sent me about the Roosevelt for King Club, in which I am named as the head of a sinister organization of twenty-five members, arrived while I was proof-reading the spring number of *The Nationalist Quarterly.* I will not say that your aspersion was to blame for five typographical and grammatical errors which escaped my attention. But I am giving you an opportunity to correct several errors in your paragraph about the organization before I consult a lawyer about whether or not I have sufficient grounds on which to sue you for libel.

There are over 1,200 monarchist sympathizers in this country. You know as well as I do that I was not consulted about the

(Continued on page 43)



D. A. TURNER, WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON

"IMAGINE," *said Mr. Turner...*

A TRUE, UNSOLICITED STORY OF A SCHICK SHAVER

"Imagine a little gadget, no bigger than the palm of my hand, clicking along day after day, month after month, year after year—never failing to give the same cool, smooth, comfortable shave. And never a repair or replacement of parts necessary. That's the miracle of it, especially to a man who knows electric motors.

"This is an anniversary of mine. Just three years ago I stepped into a San Francisco store—Schwabacher Frey Co.—and purchased my Schick Shaver . . . it has never once faltered.

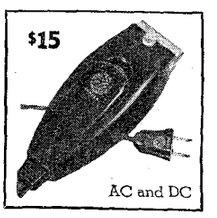
". . . I shall, in all probability, be using the same old shaver for many a long year yet. It's your own fault for building such a long-lived instrument . . ."

IS THIS MAN'S EXPERIENCE GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?

Three years of quick, close shaves in the tropical heat of Panama and the cold of Northern America. Three years of painless, comfortable shaves with never a cut nor a scrape—and the shaver as good as new today! Only the Schick has made such a record—*and even much better records.*

ASK A DEALER TODAY

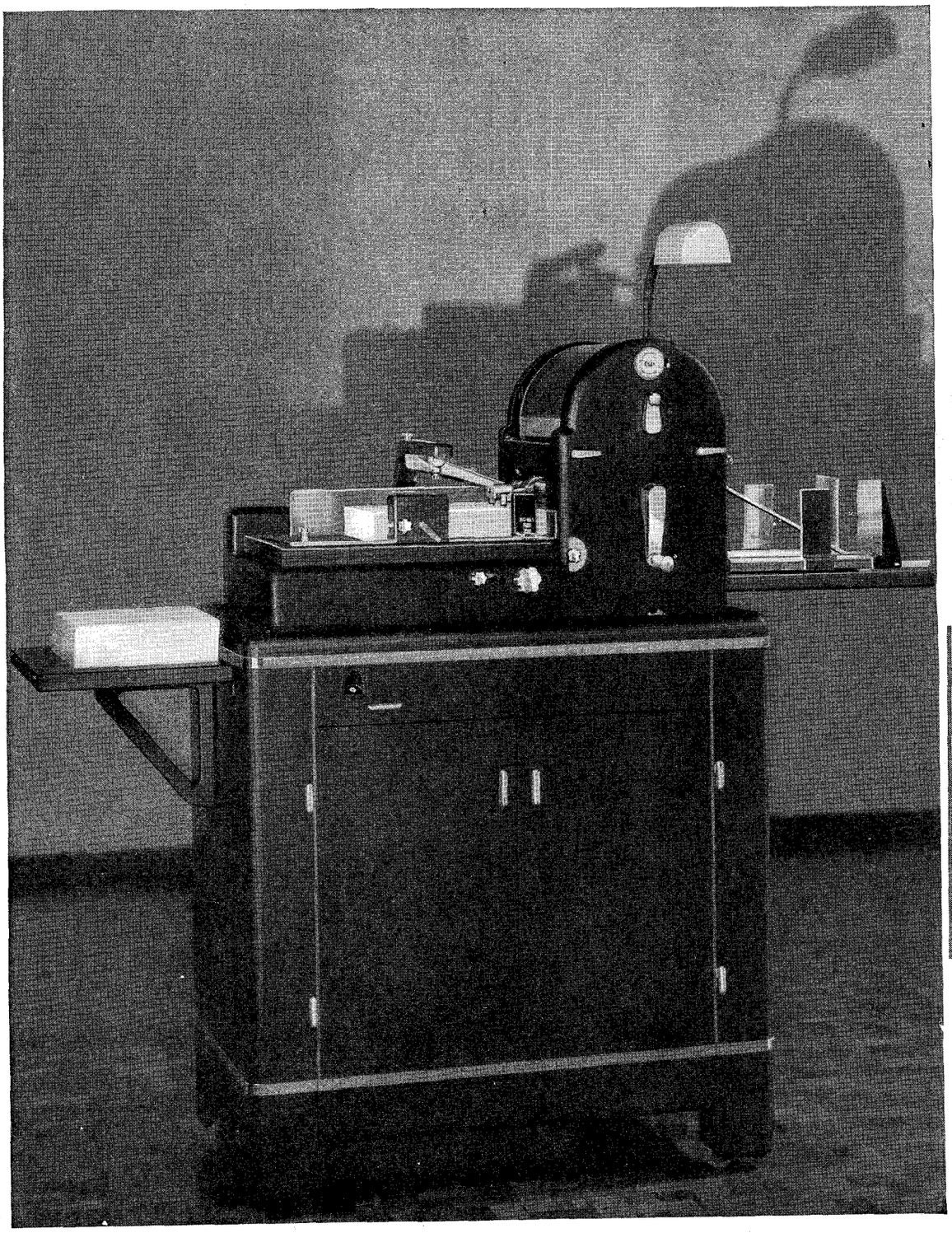
Let one of our dealers demonstrate a Schick Shaver to you. He will tell you why the Schick gives you a new skin, why its double-stroke shaves quickly and *how it saves you money,* for you no longer need blades, soap, creams, brush or lotions.



SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco. In Canada, Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores. (Canadian price, $16.50)

SCHICK SHAVER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Announcing! Today we present a new triumph of precision—the greatest Mimeograph of them all. It's a smarter, simpler, speedier and wider-ranging stencil duplicator. A long step forward! Now at our local branch, or write to A. B. Dick Company, Chicago.

THE NEW MIMEOGRAPH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Literary Digest

NEW YORK MAY 8, 1937

Topics of the day

JUST HOW MANY JOBLESS ARE THERE?

Clashing Views Over Proposed Nose Count of Unemployed

President Roosevelt smiled, said we didn't need it. Brig. Gen. Hugh S. Johnson roared, insisted we had to have it. Mme. Frances Perkins chuckled, said one could deduce it. Sen. Arthur Vandenberg snorted, demanded somebody go get it.

Thus, views clashed last week over a proposed nation-wide census to determine the exact number of marchers in *Uncle Sam's* indisputably vast army of unemployed. With Congressional ears attuned to the President's recommendation to set aside $1,500,000,000 for relief in the next fiscal year, editors, columnists, Chambers of Commerce, industrial bodies, bodies politic and plain busybodies again popped the question unanswered since the depression began:

How many jobless are there?

"We know," declared a report of the National Association of Manufacturers, issued early in the week, "that billions of dollars are still being spent to maintain an army of unemployed, an army of which no one knows the size. . . . The time has come to take stock of our progress and accurately to forecast the problems of the near future through a quick, scientific account of the unemployed by the Government. If unemployed figures are lower than is now estimated, expenditures for relief can be curtailed."

Demand for a count of the idle, simmering for years, boiled over last week when the missing report of the Business Advisory Council, urging a census, suddenly came to light in the President's office. The Council, formed in June, 1933, with the broad purpose of "bringing business into closest possible cooperation with the Government," completed its report last January, sent it to Secretary of Commerce Daniel C. Roper, sat down, awaited publication. For months, the wait was in vain. It might have remained so, had it not been for the intervention of Dorothy Thompson, ace woman political commentator, who mentioned the embarrassing report in her column in the New York *Herald Tribune* two weeks ago.

Queries—"What has become of it?" she wrote. "Don't ask me! I've been calling up Washington and inquiring around and, as far as I can learn, it disappeared months ago into the pockets of young Mr. Roosevelt, to be called to the *Pater's* attention. Since then, no sign."

Before the next Presidential press conference, however, "young Mr. Roosevelt" must have emptied his pockets, or slim, sharp-featured Marvin H. McIntyre must have dug into White House files. The Council's report rested complacently on the President's desk.

But Mr. Roosevelt manifested no enthusiasm. He told gathered newspaper men he saw no need of counting the idle. What good would it do? He was cool to the suggestion of advancing the 1940 census to 1937 to obtain accurate figures speedily. What would the information be wanted for? Each State has complete lists of needy unemployed, if reporters wanted statistics badly. Incidentally, could any one *define* unemployment?*

Flurry—Friend and foe alike pounced upon Presidential apathy. Even well-wishing General Johnson, who for weeks had been hammering for an immediate count by the War-time draft-registration system, joined dissenters. In friendly Scripps-Howard papers, he said:

"If by 'census' the President means a door-bell-pulling count after the manner of the decennial census, this column agrees

"MORE NEW DEAL ARITHMETIC"

—By Brown. ©N. Y. Tribune, Inc.

with him. . . . But if we are talking about an instantaneous cross-section of unemployment, and perhaps employment, too, by self-registration, using the draft-plan used in the War; taken at once and repeated every sixty or ninety days—then to ask what good it would do is about like asking what good it does a doctor to take the temperature and keep the chart of a fever-patient, especially if that patient is his own child, whose illness is costing him two or three billions of dollars a year.

"This column never could get the point of the President's supposedly devastating question, 'How are you going to define unemployment?' For the purposes of this discussion, I am unemployed when (1) I haven't got a job, and (2) need one to live. Is there anything very complicated about that? Certainly not as much as in finding out whether an individual is so indispensable to dependents or to a farm or factory that he should be exempted from military service, and we did that during the War for many times the number here involved, with economy, expedition and accuracy.

"Why don't we take this count? I don't pretend to know, but . . . this is my guess. Ever since immigration-quota restrictions went into effect, there has been a constant seepage through all our borders of aliens ineligible to enter—maybe millions of them. Nobody knows how many, nor how many are on relief, but perhaps enough to make a wholly impossible problem of mass deportation. . . . The revelation would not present a savory dish for the Secretary of Labor, whose baby it is. . . . It wouldn't be any duck-soup of a situation for Harry Hopkins, either. How many hundreds of millions has it cost the American taxpayer to support these landlubbing stowaways?"

Advice—Bernard M. Baruch, Chairman of the United States War Industries Board, 1917-'18, long trusted friend and counselor of President Roosevelt, informed THE LITERARY DIGEST that he "favors immediate census by means of War-time Draft Board system for registration in one day, as suggested by General Johnson."

"Has it occurred to him (the President)," asked the critical New York *Herald Tribune*, "that each State is in competition with its forty-seven fellows for a preferred slice of Federal relief-pie and, therefore, that the claims it presents are bound to exaggerate facts? How can he credit at face value the figures of such petitioners, or consider that their aggregate represents the truth?"

Even the faithful New York *Daily News* faltered on the President's census stand.

"One thing the President left behind puzzles us," *The Daily News* declared. "We have been for him on many things—the NRA, TVA and similar projects, CCC, Federal Court reform, bank-deposit insurance, stock market control by the SEC, an adequate Navy, the 'good neighbor' policy, reciprocal trade agreements. . . .

"The question 'What is unemployment?' is a meaty question. The only answer we know is that there are many kinds of unemployment. Some are unemployed because they are invalids; others because they never could hold a job; others because their special talents can't find the right niche; and so on. But most are supposed to be unemployed because there are not enough jobs to go around.

"What we need to know and don't know, is approximately how many people are out of work and, in broad classifications, why. If this information exists, as the President says, it has not been collated and integrated by anybody. There

*Unemployed, *a.*—1. Having no occupation; out of work; not provided with occupation or work; as, the unemployed persons of a city; unemployed labor. 2. Not put to use or turned to account; uninvested; as, unemployed resources. 3. Lacking employment or purpose; as, a luxurious, unemployed existence.—Unemployment, *n.*—Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is so much confusion that Senator Vandenberg can say only 3,000,000 are unemployed; Secretary Perkins, 8,000,000; David Lasser, 10,000,000; and nobody can justifiably call any one of them a liar.

"We believe one of the country's basic needs to-day is for a regular—preferably weekly—unemployment barometer, produced at Washington from country-wide data. We are mystified by President Roosevelt's seeming unwillingness even to consider this enumeration."

Proof—Congressional proponents of a nose count cited Republican Senator Vandenberg's polite tilt with Labor Secretary Perkins as added proof of the necessity of an immediate census. Consulting Social Security Board records, the Michigan Senator found 26,000,000 employed persons listed. To this he added an estimated 12,145,000 workers not eligible for registration but actually engaged in non-agricultural, non-relief fields. Total: 38,145,000 on the job. Computing number of employables (41.5 per cent. of population, 128,000,000) at 41,120,000, he concluded only 2,975,000 are pounding pavements with no place to go. "Is that right?" he asked Secretary Perkins. "That's wrong by about 5,000,000," was the sense of the reply, which averred that the Bureau of Labor Statistics "does not issue estimates of unemployment"—only keeps track of job-holders and lets statistical fans deduce the number who are idle.

Senator Vandenberg was far from satisfied with the Labor Department's estimate that only 33,500,000 persons are gainfully employed in the United States, indicating 7,975,000 still jobless.

"Relief and unemployment continue to be our major legislative challenge," he declared in a telegram to THE DIGEST. "We still deal with the problem on the basis of sheer guesswork.

"An automatic and reasonably reliable unemployment census can be acquired within a week if voluntary registration be required universally upon a given day and if subsequent eligibility for relief depends upon this registration. There are many ways of getting reliable facts whenever the Administration is ready and willing to face realities."

Ballot—Impervious to the White House admonition that an immediate census was neither necessary nor desirable, the Senate Committee on Commerce voted last week to hold hearings on the Maloney Bill, which not only provides for taking a census on General Johnson's plan for immediate registration, if that form seems desirable, but also sets up an Employment Commission with power to fix the length of the work-week.

The measure's fate is problematical. Informed Washington observers say it never will pass. "Indications are no census of unemployed will be authorized by Congress," William Green, American Federation of Labor President, told THE LITERARY DIGEST. "My opinion is that General Johnson's suggestion is unacceptable and highly unsatisfactory to Labor."

Meanwhile, public men pondered over the census, door-bell or War-plan, and reached various conclusions.

Reactions—Rep. William P. Connery, co-author of the National Labor Relations Act: "Am in favor of unemployment census, but not as suggested by General Johnson. There would be great danger in such a proposition that many unemployed, who can not read or write, would not even know they were supposed to register and would then be ineligible for relief. . . . If census suggested by General Johnson were to be held, it would also be advisable to include therein a census of disabled veterans of the United States, thousands of whom were disabled in line of duty and have never applied for compensation from the United States Government."

Gov. Frank Murphy, of labor-troubled Michigan: "Census of unemployment is serious matter of public concern and needs careful study as to definitions. We need advance determination, for example, as to whether men fifty or sixty years of age who can not secure employment on account of technical displacement by young men and women seeking jobs for the first time, are to be counted as unemployed. United States Employment Service has already registered over 6,000,000 jobless. Think it most advisable that matter be given careful examination by United States Department of Labor and Bureau of Census."

Republican Gov. Harold G. Hoffman, C.I.O. foe in New Jersey: "I strongly favor an immediate census of the unemployed. I consider failure of national authorities to make such a census indefensible. No program can be met intelligently without knowing its size and character. Yet our national distributers of other people's money reject every effort to get facts. The relief job would have been done better and hundreds of millions of the billions spent saved if the facts had been ascertained at the outset. A one-day census will not bring out all needed facts, but it will be a great contribution to a better understanding of the problem."

Herbert Bayard Swope, publicist, former Executive Editor, New York *World:* "I believe the War-time Board system is an easy, cheap and efficient method of making the unemployment census. I think the system should be kept alive by having changes in conditions reported, say, every month. I do not see how intelligent action on relief can be taken without full knowledge of the conditions we are trying to relieve. I would have every man and woman over eighteen, who is not working, but who is dependent upon work for livelihood, register. I would include the CCC among registrants and, of course, all those engaged on PWA projects."

LAWYERS EAT: One Partner Keeps Office-Fires Burning, Other Makes Own Laws

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief,
Doctor, lawyer, merchant chief.

Democracies contain all seven and many others. The Legislatures of democracies are representative. In them are to be found rich men, poor men, doctors, merchants, probably some thieves and many, many lawyers.

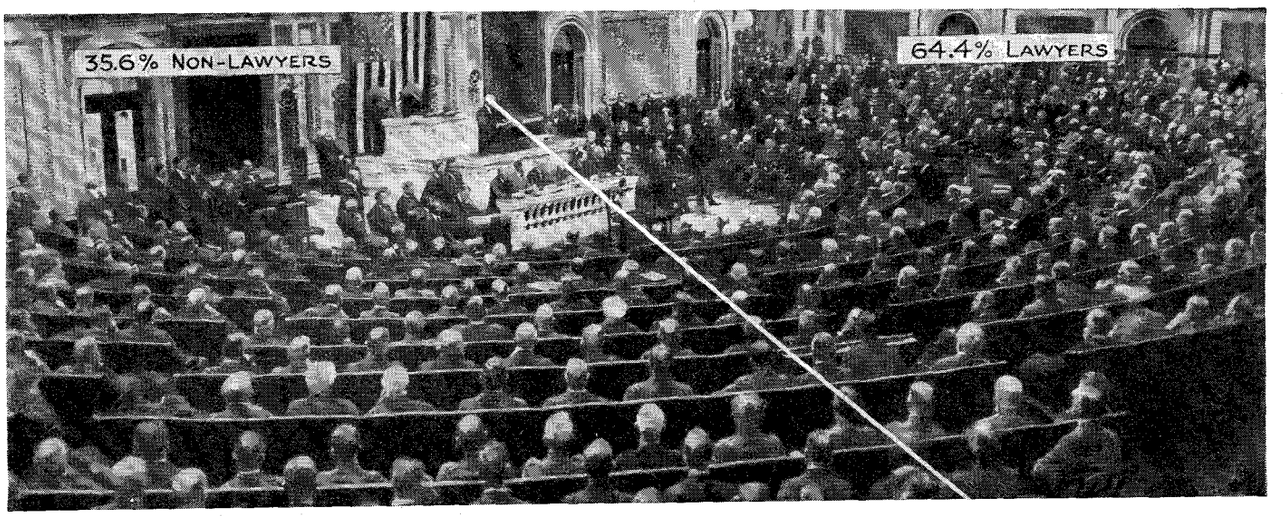
In fact, cold figures show lawmaking in these United States is pretty much in the hands of the lawyers. While not an actual professional majority in the forty-eight Legislatures, the percentage of lawyers is so high they probably can swing legislation in most States as they please.

Great names of the American legal profession differ about a situation in which, out of 7,500 members of State Legislatures, 1,800, or 24 per cent., are lawyers. Some approve, others disapprove, others qualify their view-point.

Curt—There is no ambiguity, for example, in the opinion of Clarence Darrow. He telegraphs from his Chicago home:

"Obviously, lawyers have long been represented far beyond their rights."

But Frederick H. Stinchfield, fellow Chi-



© Underwood

The House and Senate: Government of the lawyers, by the lawyers, for . . . the people (?)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cagoan and President of the American Bar Association, does not agree.

"Lawyers of the United States," says Stinchfield, "have always largely predominated in Congress and State Legislatures. . . . Whoever is satisfied with the United States is grateful to the lawyers who made its laws."

Judge John P. Devaney of Minneapolis, first President of the National Lawyers' Guild, Bar Association rival and new organization of the liberals among the legal lights (LITERARY DIGEST, March 27), believes the trouble is not too many lawyers wearing togas, but too many of the wrong kind doing so.

"There can be no doubt," telegraphs Judge Devaney, "that there are too many of the wrong kind of lawyers who would confuse rather than clarify public questions and who are unable to divest themselves of their rôle of special pleaders for private interests."

Harmless—John W. Davis, 1924 Presidential candidate of the Democrats, former Ambassador to Great Britain, probably today America's No. 1 law practitioner, sees no harm, much good in the preponderance of lawyer-legislators. He writes:

"The lawyer's profession makes it necessary for him to know the rules of conduct . . . whether of the State or the Nation. It is a part of his daily business to keep in touch with public questions . . . much of the lawyer's life is spent in debate on behalf of his clients. It is but natural that he should debate public questions and thus be turned to as a candidate when occasion arises."

The view of Silas H. Strawn of Chicago, former Bar Association President, leans a bit toward that of Judge Devaney.

"Capable and honest lawyers," he says, "who regard their oath to obey the Constitution and laws of the land instead of the dictates of political bosses, are presumed to know more about the political and economic necessities of our country than any other class. I therefore believe there are too few rather than too many capable lawyers in the Legislatures."

Bosses—But the preponderance of lawyers in Legislatures is as nothing compared with the dominance of Congress.

Of the 435 members of the House of Representatives, 262 are lawyers, or an absolute majority. Of the ninety-six Senators, no fewer than eighty are qualified court pleaders.

No State Legislature can equal these figures. Apparently, if political life is a struggle of the fittest or toughest to survive, lawyers are tougher than laymen.

Among the States, Arkansas loves its lawyers best, sending twenty-one of them to the State Senate out of a total of twenty-five Senators and fifty to its lower House out of a total membership of 100.

At the opposite extreme is little Delaware, du Pont empire, with the smallest Legislature in the Nation. Delaware voters seemingly distrust their lawyers, for they have none in either house.

Which brings to mind the lamentable fact that benighted Rhode Islanders—always an intransigeant lot—until 1730 forbade lawyers in their Colonial Legislature.

Survey—In the forty-eight State Legislatures, there are 1,767 members of upper houses, 5,690 members of lower ones. Nebraska's one chamber has forty-three members. This adds up to 7,500 lawmakers for the forty-eight States. Of this number, 602, or 34.1 per cent. of the upper-house men, are lawyers; 1,188 lower-house men and Nebraskans belong to the profession, for a percentage of 20.9.

Lawyers' Power in Legislatures

STATE	UPPER HOUSE			LOWER HOUSE			TOTAL LEGISLATURE		
U. S. Congress	Members	Lawyers	Per cent. Lawyers	Members	Lawyers	Per cent. Lawyers	Members	Lawyers	Per cent. Lawyers
	96	80	83.3	435	262	60.2	531	342	64.4
Alabama	35	15	42.9	106	29	27.4	141	44	31.2
Arizona	19	6	31.6	51	3	5.9	70	9	12.9
Arkansas	25	21	84.0	100	50	50.0	125	71	56.8
California	40	12	30.0	80	34	42.5	120	46	38.3
Colorado	35	7	20.0	65	6	9.2	100	13	13.0
Connecticut	35	8	22.9	269	28	10.4	304	36	11.8
Delaware	16	0	0.0	35	0	0.0	51	0	0.0
Florida	38	18	47.4	95	41	43.2	133	59	44.4
Georgia	51	19	37.3	205	79	38.5	256	98	38.3
Idaho	44	4	9.1	59	1	1.7	103	5	4.9
Illinois	51	16	31.4	153	34	22.2	204	50	24.5
Indiana	50	18	36.0	100	19	19.0	150	37	24.7
Iowa	50	15	30.0	108	16	14.8	158	31	19.6
Kansas	40	17	42.5	124	24	19.4	164	41	25.0
Kentucky	38	24	63.2	100	21	21.0	138	45	32.6
Louisiana	39	13	33.3	100	23	23.0	139	36	25.9
Maine	33	7	21.2	151	22	14.6	184	29	15.8
Maryland	29	9	31.0	120	24	20.0	149	33	22.1
Massachusetts	40	15	37.5	240	64	26.7	280	79	28.2
Michigan	32	9	28.1	100	10	10.0	132	19	14.4
Minnesota	67	27	40.3	131	26	19.8	198	53	26.8
Mississipp	49	19	38.8	140	32	22.9	189	51	27.0
Missouri	34	18	52.9	150	37	24.7	184	55	29.9
Montana	56	8	14.3	102	9	8.8	158	17	10.8
Nebraska	*	.....	.....	*	.....	.....	43	10	23.3
Nevada	17	3	17.6	40	3	7.5	57	6	10.5
New Hampshire	24	2	8.3	422	15	3.6	446	17	3.8
New Jersey	20	13	65.0	60	27	45.0	80	40	50.0
New Mexico	24	3	12.5	49	4	8.2	73	7	9.6
New York	51	19	37.3	150	59	39.3	201	78	38.8
North Carolina	50	25	50.0	120	53	44.2	170	78	45.9
North Dakota	49	6	12.2	113	7	6.2	162	13	8.0
Ohio	36	16	44.4	136	32	23.5	172	48	27.9
Oklahoma	44	24	54.5	117	42	35.9	161	66	41.0
Oregon	30	10	33.3	60	14	23.3	90	24	26.7
Pennsylvania	50	21	42.0	208	41	19.7	258	62	24.0
Rhode Island	42	3	7.1	100	10	10.0	142	13	9.2
South Carolina	46	22	47.8	124	35	28.2	170	57	33.5
South Dakota	45	6	13.3	103	11	10.7	148	17	11.5
Tennessee	33	24	72.7	99	37	37.4	132	61	46.2
Texas	31	26	83.9	150	64	42.7	181	90	49.7
Utah	23	3	13.0	60	3	5.0	83	6	7.2
Vermont	30	3	10.0	240	8	3.3	270	11	4.1
Virginia	40	21	52.5	100	45	45.0	140	66	47.1
Washington	46	5	10.9	99	10	10.1	145	15	10.3
West Virginia	30	11	36.7	94	20	21.3	124	31	25.0
Wisconsin	33	9	27.3	100	14	14.0	133	23	17.3
Wyoming	27	2	7.4	62	2	3.2	89	4	4.5
Total, all State Legislatures	1767	602	34.1	5690	1188	20.9	7500	1800	24.0

*Unicameral.

Of the fifty-five Continental gentlemen who gathered in Philadelphia in 1787, finally compromised on a Constitution for the thirteen States, twenty-eight, or 50.9 per cent., were lawyers.

However, it must be remembered the lawyer of 1787 was not quite the same as the lawyer of 1937. Alexander Hamilton won admission to the bar after a "few months" of study. Requirements for practise were simple. Andrew Jackson, a lawyer, lived bigamously for some time because he believed his wife's estranged "ex" had obtained a divorce, when actually he merely had taken the preliminary step of getting permission for her to do so from the Virginia Legislature.

With American lawmaking to a great extent in the grip of lawyers, opinions as to their influence upon it differ.

Some, like Judge Devaney, believe lawyers favor their own profession in lawmaking. Of this he says: "It can hardly be expected that lawyers would not protect their own profession and the courts and I feel they are inclined to do so."

No Favoritism—Stinchfield has not "the slightest idea that lawyers even favor their profession in making laws. Rather the contrary."

Says Davis: "From my own observation," lawyers do not favor their fellow pleaders. "It might be supposed," he adds, "that lawmaking bodies in which lawyers preponderated would be eager to provide adequate salaries for judges and other court officers. As a matter of fact, it has required a most persistent effort to bring these to their present standard."

Darrow believes lawyer-legislators "are bound to make laws that favor their calling."

In some respects, it seems natural the young lawyer should take to politics. By profession, he can do so without economic loss, since one partner can play politics while the other keeps the office-fires burning. He soon finds politics a key which unlocks doors to the bench, to the lush fields of receiverships, trusteeships, *etc.*

Since Presidents also must be politicians, it is not surprizing to find twenty-three out of the thirty-one have been lawyers, altho several could have doubled in brass in other professions.

Others—The exceptions to the rule are: Washington, soldier and farmer; W. H. Harrison, soldier and physician; Zachary Taylor, soldier; Ulysses S. Grant, soldier; Theodore Roosevelt, writer; Warren G. Harding, editor; Herbert Hoover, engineer.

Just in case any one has forgotten it, Franklin Delano Roosevelt is a lawyer.

Several years ago, legal lights were mildly enraged by the appearance of a caustic volume on their misdeeds, old and new, entitled "Lawyers Must Eat" (Vanguard).

Said Wit-Columnist Franklin P. Adams when the book came to his New York *Herald Tribune* desk (now vacant):

"Not necessarily!"

GREAT COMMONERS: As Bryan's Brother Retires, Political Dynasty Nears End

A tall, long-haired, swarthy young man in the statesman's frock coat of the day, trap-jaw dominated by a strongly curved, arrogant nose, walked up the steps of the Capitol in Washington one March day in 1890, to be sworn in as a Representative from the sovereign State of Nebraska.

William Jennings Bryan had stepped on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the national stage. He was to play great rôles on it for thirty-five years.

On May 15, Charles W. Bryan will leave office as Mayor of Lincoln, Nebraska.

The two events mark the beginning and ending of a dynasty in American politics.

Long gone are the days when men hated or worshiped William J. Bryan with a fervor unknown to to-day's politics. But he remains in memory as a political phenomenon, a seer and prophet, a trickster, a picturesque accident, according to individual feeling and belief.

Amazing as it may seem to-day, W. J. Bryan became Presidential nominee of the Democratic Party a little more than five years after he took the oath as a freshman Congressman. So little known nationally when nominated that the Managing Editor of the New York *World* exclaimed, upon getting the news: "Who in hell is this man Bryan?" he plunged the nation into the bitterest campaign since the 'sixties.

Forces—The son of an Illinois judge who interrupted trials to seek guidance in public prayer, the two greatest influences on Bryan's childhood were religion and oratory. Both were to be vital forces in his life. Such a man obviously was headed for the law or the church, and in Bryan's case the law won. The law, plus oratory, plus poverty, naturally led to politics.

William Jennings Bryan sought the votes of his fellow citizens but five times. He won twice, lost thrice. An obscure Nebraska district sent him to the House of Representatives twice, the second time by the slim margin of 152 votes. The United States rejected him as President three times, by successively larger majorities.

After his final defeat, in 1908, at the hands of William Howard Taft, he compared himself with the drunk who tried to enter an exclusive club. The first time he was courteously told not to enter. The second attempt brought a push from the doorman. The third time he was thrown

© George Grantham Bain

William Jennings Bryan, losing campaigner

down the steps. Bryan, chuckling dryly, used to end the story with the tag-line of the drunk, who, picking himself up, remarked:

"Must be those people don't want me in there."

The myth that Bryan leaped into the Democratic saddle in Chicago in 1896 without preparation, has been exploded thoroughly. Even his classic "crown of thorns and cross of gold" speech, which unquestionably brought him the nomination, had been prepared and planned with the utmost care. He had tried various parts of it "on the dog" in one-night stands through Nebraska for several months before the convention. He had plotted with conspiratorial skill to win a psychological moment for its delivery. The convention went mad when he thundered to men eager for the doctrine of cheaper and more plentiful dollars and magic peroration:

"Having behind us the producing masses of this nation and the world, supported by the commercial interests, the laboring interests and the toilers everywhere, we will answer their demand for a gold standard by saying to them: You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns, you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

But the intransigeant reporter of the stanchly Republican New York *Tribune* wired:

"In closing his speech, Mr. Bryan dramatically said: 'You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold.' This blatherskite declaration stirred up the Populistic convention. For half an hour, nothing could be heard but cheers for Bryan."

Bryan's hatred of New York dated from

Acme

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen Rohde resigned her post

the ensuing campaign. He delivered his acceptance speech in Madison Square Garden to a vast and perspiring audience which came to listen to magical oratory (in those days oratory was appreciated). Bryan made the mistake of substituting logical argument for crosses of gold and crowns of thorns. They walked out on him and an already hostile metropolitan press gloated.

Hatred—Bryan went back to Lincoln bitter and hurt. From then on until the end of his life, New York represented to him all that was evil in morals, politics and social thought.

Altho beaten, he was dictator of the Party and renominated himself without difficulty, an amazing feat of political shrewdness and personality. Beaten worse the next time, he resigned himself, with ill grace, to the 1904 nomination of Judge Alton B. Parker of New York, did nothing in the campaign to help him. In 1908. he maneuvered the Party into a position where it could nominate no one save himself. He tasted his third defeat.

By 1912, when the Republican split made Democratic victory virtually certain, Bryan swung the convention to Woodrow Wilson on the ground that the New York "interests" were supporting Champ Clark of Missouri. Many political writers of the day, many political historians of to-day, voiced the view that Bryan swung to Wilson to force a deadlock, that the convention might turn to him. He underestimated Wilson's strength, his own weakness. A generation had arisen that knew not Jacob.

Wilson named him Secretary of State, an office he left when War became inevita-

Wide World

William Bryan, Jr., reflects his sire's fervor

ble. From then on, he reigned as an elder statesman until the final tragedy of the Scopes monkey trial in Dayton, Tennessee. There, pitted against atheistic, infinitely cunning Clarence Darrow, prince of cross-examiners, he gave a final exhibition sublime in faith, pathetic in intellect.

Bryan's enormous political success in holding the blind devotion of millions (altho never quite enough millions) can be traced to his discovery of the "forgotten man" at a time when Franklin Delano Roosevelt still was protesting against the deep injustice of having to wash behind the ears. Speaking in the House on March 16, 1892, when F. D. Roosevelt was ten, Bryan said:

"And the trouble with this country is that all over the land there are the homes of forgotten men—men whose rights have been violated and whose interests have been disregarded in order that somebody else may be enriched."

He lived to see many of the reforms he had advocated become law: Direct election of Senators, Prohibition, woman suffrage, income tax, *etc.* But he had no formal part in making those laws.

His brother, Charles W. Bryan, now rounding out his term as Mayor of Lincoln, has been Governor of Nebraska, Vice Presidential nominee (1924), and delegate to many national conventions.

Best known of the contemporary Bryans, however, is the "Great Commoner's" daughter, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen Rohde. Born in 1885, Mrs. Rohde has been

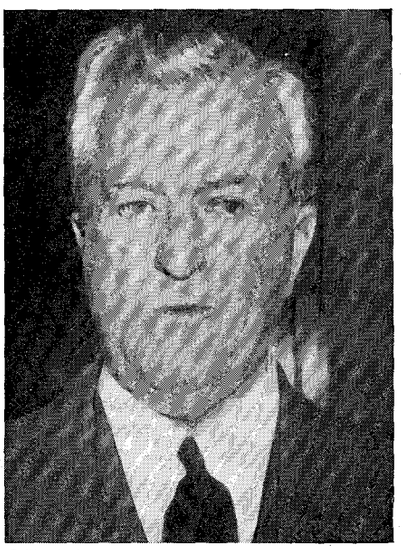
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Congresswoman and the first woman ever named to an important U. S. diplomatic post. She resigned after her marriage to Capt. Boerge Rohde of Denmark.

Last of the Bryan dynasty is William Jennings Bryan, Jr., a lawyer of Hollywood. He showed fervor in battling EPIC.

"GO" FOR LABOR: With Green Light Flashed by Court, A.F.L. Awakens; C.I.O. Winning

May 1 is Labor's day. Last week was Labor's week. Perhaps that was because the Supreme Court's "Nine Old Men" or,



© Harris & Ewing

Senator McCarran . . .

in some cases, five of them, had turned on the green "Go" signal for unions.

Biggest surprize of Labor's week caused John L. Lewis, dourly dynamic leader of the Committee for Industrial Organization, to pucker his bushy brows into an exclamation-mark. And like a shaggy grizzly shaking off a winter's hibernation, the conservative American Federation of Labor began proselytizing unorganized artizans.

Of all places, the A.F.L. membership drive picked Hollywood, with its billion-dollar celluloid industry, as a likely place to intensify operations under the threat of Labor's most potent weapon—the strike. In fighting General Motors, the C.I.O. demanded—and did not get—the closed shop.

Yet the A.F.L., in striking, demands the closed shop for all craft-workers in the cinema industry. Its affiliate, the Federated Motion-Picture Crafts, composed of fourteen craft-unions and the Screen Actors' Guild, threatened a walk-out of its 10,000 members.

Do-or-Die—Three thousand scene-painters, hair-dressers, stage-carpenters and draftsmen picketed major studios on militant May 1. Next day plumbers, costumers, molders, cooks, utility workers, stationary engineers, machinists and boiler-makers and welders joined them, making a total of eleven unions on strike.

"This is a do-or-die proposition," cried Charles Lessing, Federated Crafts President. "We are going to fight to the last ditch for our demands."

Players, whether stars or extras, held aloof at the start of the strike.

While the A.F.L. shook off its lethargy in California's bracing air, the C.I.O. went ahead shaking its organizing club over the billion-dollar automotive industry it seeks to control as far as Labor is concerned.

Under the Wagner Labor Relations Act, upheld on April 12 by all "Nine Old Men" as applicable to interstate commerce and by five against four when applied to manufacturing, the National Labor Relations Board held an election in the Packard Motor Car Company plants. Result: 11,688 to 2,655 for representation by the United Automobile Workers of America, C.I.O. affiliate. Packard and U.A.W. negotiators began horse-trading over the union's twenty-one demands.

Thirty-Six Hours—At Akron, Ohio, rubber capital of the world, an eight-week Firestone Tire and Rubber Company strike was ended by workers' vote. This was the first agreement between a major rubber company and the United Rubber Workers, C.I.O. affiliate. Among other things, this agreement provides for the nation's first standard thirty-six-hour week in a major industry.

This showed what direction Labor's industrial revolution, a century behind Capital's, was taking. Emphasis was added after the victory at Akron when 700 employees of the Lovell Manufacturing Com-

© Underwood

Senator Hatch . . .

pany at Erie, Pennsylvania, struck, demanding a closed United Rubber Workers' shop. This union local claims 530 members in the Lovell plant.

After spreading to these Eastern rubber centers from Detroit, C.I.O. began intensifying its campaign in the motor-car industry, "putting the heat on" at Buffalo to organize 20,000 automobile workers there. Hugh Thompson, a leader in the strike of 3,700 General Motors of Canada workers, was C.I.O.'s chief "pressure-man" at Buffalo.

Narcotics—Chief sit-down strike of Labor's week was in Detroit, where 300 employees of Parke, Davis & Co., makers of medicines, barricaded themselves on the sixth floor with $2,000,000 worth of narcotics. After a short fight, police, detectives and Federal agents evicted them.

In Maine, strikers defied court warnings by holding mass-meetings, but turned the other cheek for the first time in more than a month when union and shoe-factory representatives conferred. If they reach no settlement, it is expected that the NLRB will try to iron out the dispute through public hearings and, possibly, through an election.

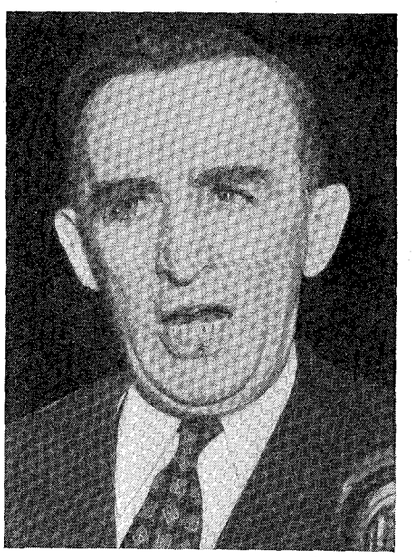
Throughout Labor's week, there was one setback for hard-driving C.I.O. organizers. Employees of the somewhat paternalistic Hershey Chocolate Corporation, after turning down a C.I.O. unit as their collective-bargaining agency, formed their own union, which, under the validated Wagner Act, is equally effective with more "regular" unions.

Hotels—In the sprawling hotel industry, a three-day strike ended in three large Providence hotels with wage-increases from 10 to 20 per cent. even as 1,200 employees were preparing to walk out of fifteen hotels in San Francisco.

There was trouble in the radio industry, too, with 6,000 employees of the Philco Radio & Television Corporation voting unanimously to strike in demand for a new wage agreement involving a general increase of ten cents an hour. This strike was called by a C.I.O. affiliate.

Transportation troubles with Labor brought shivers to the world's largest cities —New York and London—where getting to work is a problem in any case. In the New World metropolis, a threat of 25,000 employees affiliated with the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks, A.F.L. organization, was blocked by law for at least sixty days when President Roosevelt, under the Wagner Act, named arbitrators.

London Traffic—The Old World metropolis was less fortunate. There, L. W. Leggett, the Government's No. 1 trouble-shooter, conferred with union leaders and members of London's Transport Board trying to settle a strike of 25,000 busmen before traffic is paralyzed on the eve of the Coronation. Bobbies worked double shifts seek-



Pictures, Inc.

Senator O'Mahoney . . . favor the "Nine Old Men"

ing to unsnarl the worst traffic-jam since the general strike of a decade ago.

It was feared that sympathetic strikes of underground and tram workers would throttle transport in the Empire's Capital of 8,000,000, plus an estimated million more visitors.

As Labor was in its heyday, attention

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

swung to the Supreme Court that flashed the green light for union organizers. That there was something in what *Mr. Dooley* said about the Court following the election returns was apparent to at least ten of the eighteen in the Senatorial Committee considering the President's demand to appoint six new Associate Justices. These ten favored an adverse report on the plan.

In the Senate's Committee there were three "swing" men—Senators McCarran, Hatch and O'Mahoney, all Democrats. Numbered among the non-committal, they swung to commitment as firmly opposed to the President's bill as it stands.

Meanwhile, the Supreme Court's "swing" man, Associate Justice Owen J. Roberts, who sometimes votes with the "liberal" bloc, sometimes with the "conservatives," celebrated his sixty-second birthday. He is the youngest of the "Nine Old Men." He was the fifth in the five-to-four decision validating the Wagner Act.

There wasn't much of a celebration for the "swing" man who "swung" in Labor's week—just an anniversary dinner with his family and a few posed pictures.

As lines form in Congress for the battle of a century over the President's proposals to reorganize the Federal judiciary, it appears likely that the States, after all, will decide via the traditional amendment route. All because of a few "swing" men.

NO BEAN ARMY: It May Cost More to Feed Doughboys To-day's "Balanced Diet"

Back in 1776, when ragged Continentals were chasing (or being chased by) red-coated fusileers, brass hats of the brand-new American Army laid down a ration for the troops.

Private Hezekiah Perkins of the Massachusetts Line was to get one pint of milk, one pound of beef, one pound of flour, eight ounces of dried peas and rice and a quart of beer daily.

Probably there were occasions when he got it. Usually, he didn't. Anyway, the cost was set at 11.11 cents a man a day, whether he got it or not. He cooked it when and how he pleased. If it wasn't a balanced diet, no one worried, for no one ever had heard of a balanced diet.

However, things are very different to-day. *Doughboy John Jones's* interior economy is studied by experts with all the care a devoted young mother gives to feeding *Junior*.

Bill of Fare—A recent menu for the Service Company of the Sixteenth U. S. Infantry, stationed at Governors Island, New York, of which Calvin ("Dutch") Beitler is mess-sergeant, ought to be put on the recruiting posters. *Private Hezekiah Perkins's* pampered descendants got for breakfast:

Fried bacon, scrambled eggs, hot cakes, French fried potatoes, choice of twelve cereals, fresh apples, fresh milk, honey, sirup and butter, toast and coffee.

For dinner:

Bean soup, baked pork and beans, baked brown potatoes, *salami*, *cold roast* beef, cheese, cole-slaw and *mayonnaise*, boiled eggs, dill pickles, pickled beets, cream cheese, pumpkin pie, bread and butter, coffee or tea.

And Beitler topped off the gastronomical day with a supper of:

Roast leg of veal, gravy, boiled potatoes, string-beans, sweet mixed pickles, apple-sauce, ginger-bars, bread and butter, coffee.

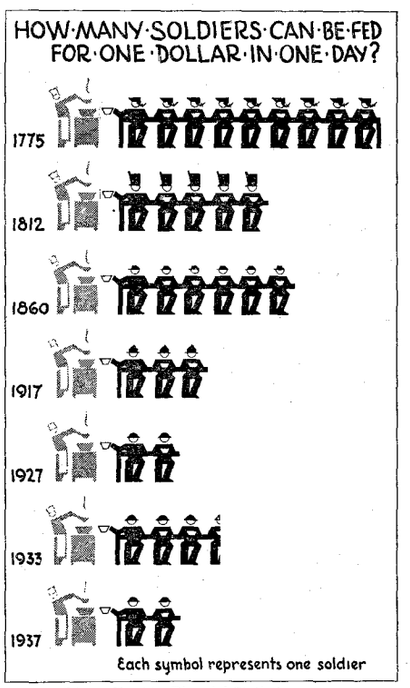
It may be added that this was a Saturday menu and that Saturday is the one day in the soldier's week when beans in any form are placed before him in the 1937-model Army.

H.C.L.—But there is a cloud on the horizon. The cost of living is rising. Army food costs hit a high of fifty cents a man a day in 1927, nose-dived to 29.1 cents in 1933, have zoomed back to 45.81 cents.

Oddly enough, there was little change in the cost of the Army's ration from the American Revolution until the Spanish-American War. After 1898, it began to rise and improve.

Furthermore the Army, about the turn of the century, began to pay more attention to cooking and baking. In the old Army of the Indian campaigns and earlier struggles, if a soldier wasn't tough enough to digest his own cooking, he was out of luck.

In 1905, the School for Cooks and Bakers was opened at Fort Riley, Kansas. To-day, there are twelve such schools, one in each



Literary Digest Chart by Pictorial Statistics

of the nine corps areas in the continental United States and in Panama, Hawaii and the Philippines.

Largest is at Fort Slocum, New Rochelle, New York, commanded by Maj. Earl N. Hackney, Quartermaster Corps. It feeds the products of student cooks and bakers to 1,800 recruits for tropical service, held at Fort Slocum for a period of acclimatization to Army life before sailing.

Calories—The course lasts four months, graduates fifteen men a month, gets fifteen freshmen from different units of the corps area. Men not only learn the practise of cooking and baking, but delve into theoretical mysteries of nutrition and dietetics. The school also runs a course for aspiring mess-sergeants. The course for cooks includes garrison and "field" cooking, the latter dealing with the preparation of meals on the march and in bivouac.

Total figures for the cost of food for the Army and Navy (the Army buys for the CCC) are astronomical. Food is bought for about 750,000 men, costs $400,000 daily, $146,000,000 annually. These hungry men consume the bacon from 1,875,013 hogs, the beef from 250,000 steers, cheese from 2,366 cows daily, butter from 41,665 cows daily, milk from 10,380 cows. Annually, 7,500,000 chickens make the supreme sacrifice for the armed forces, and daily, 555,553 chickens lay eggs for them. They use the lard from 800,000 hogs, the pork of 2,307,706 more. It takes 10,400 acres to grow the Army and Navy beans and 297,440 acres to grow their wheat. Onions from 120,000 acres go down military gullets, which also consume the product of 224,613 acres of potatoes, 6,813 acres of rice, 3,920 acres of cane-sirup and 37,460 acres of cane-sugar.

It's a long cry from the "goldfish" and "corned willy" of 1918.

Topics in Brief

Unless union quarrels are ended, labor factions may splinter into labor fractions. —*Winston-Salem (N. C.) Journal.*

Washington's palatial Republican Club-house is for sale. It might make a good funeral-home.—*Dallas News.*

To judge from the advance publicity, this baseball season is going to be mostly Bob Feller.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Suggestion is that the Norris dam and reservoir area be made a bird-refuge. A kind of TVAviary.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

A Roosevelt talking economy seems as out of place as a wistful note in a swing-tune.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

Now that most of the sit-downers are at work again, the C.I.O. looks more like a vertical union.—*Wichita (Kan.) Eagle.*

Connecticut's fishing season has opened, and fibbing is once more a healthy outdoor sport.—*Hartford (Conn.) Courant.*

Senator Borah is having the time of his life these days. So many things are coming up for him to be against.—*Omaha World-Herald.*

In his love for the Dionne quintuplets, Doctor Dafoe no doubt realizes the handicap of having only two knees.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

Henry Ford is going ahead with stupendous factory developments. As if he had been given a C.I.O.K.—*Jack Warwick in Toledo Blade.*

There is every reason at this writing to believe spring will settle down if it takes all summer, like Grant at Vicksburg.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

That heavy surplus of Government bonds should lead Secretary Morgenthau to emulate Secretary Wallace in limiting production.—*Chicago Daily News.*

You can't tell how the fight in Spain is going till you observe whether Italy or England thinks it wrong to interfere.—*Robert Quillen in Savannah (Ga.) News.*

Leon Trotzky has performed the trick of the year, and it's a good one if you can do it. He got himself tried in Mexico for an offense against Russia and by a commission that can't do anything to him. —*H. I. Phillips in Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Parade

Twenty-three years ago, Congress officially set aside the second Sunday in May as Mothers' day. Last week, all United States Army officers received an official communication from the Adjutant General, **E. T. Conley:** "It is desired that you bring to the attention of every officer and enlisted man in your command, and members of the Civilian Conservation Corps, the desire of the Secretary of War that each . . . write a letter to his home on Mothers' day, Sunday, May 9, as an expression of the love and reverence we owe to the mothers of our country."

* * *

"The birth-rate is going to hit a new low in 1937. If you don't believe it, go out and look at the hats the women are wearing," warns **Mrs. Helen Washburn,** young, attractive mother of two children and author of "So You're Going to Have a Baby." "There isn't a thing mysterious about it. Men just aren't interested in women when they rig themselves out in funny hats."

* * *

"They Must. Be Wed. To Their Wife." Fearing that the British would fail to catch the meaning of this strange title of her most recent ballet, **Gertrude Stein** simplified it to "A Wedding Ballet" before the first performance in London last week. Sphinx-like and grandmotherly, with closely-cropped graying hair, Miss Stein used a fourteen-year-old girl in the ballet to personify Pepe, her little Mexican hairless dog. "You know, little dogs resemble little girls," she explained.

* * *

W. S. (Woody) Van Dyke, movie director, passed a recent evening at a White House stag party. "Say," began President Roosevelt as they shook hands, "I was crazy about 'After the Thin Man.' Is it true you're going to do a Marine movie next?" "So now," remarks Van Dyke, "I guess I'll have to."

* * *

"Ich kenn die drei Menschen —der Schlag zoll zei nehmen," a former Italian interpreter at Ellis Island, New York's immigration depot, remarked in Yiddish last week, referring to Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin. In plain English he meant, "I know the three men—the devil take them." It was **Fiorello** (Little Flower) **LaGuardia** again exercising his linguistic talents, as he had when he called Hitler not *"satisfaktionsfaehig"* and when he addressed a Belgrade representative in the Yugoslav tongue.

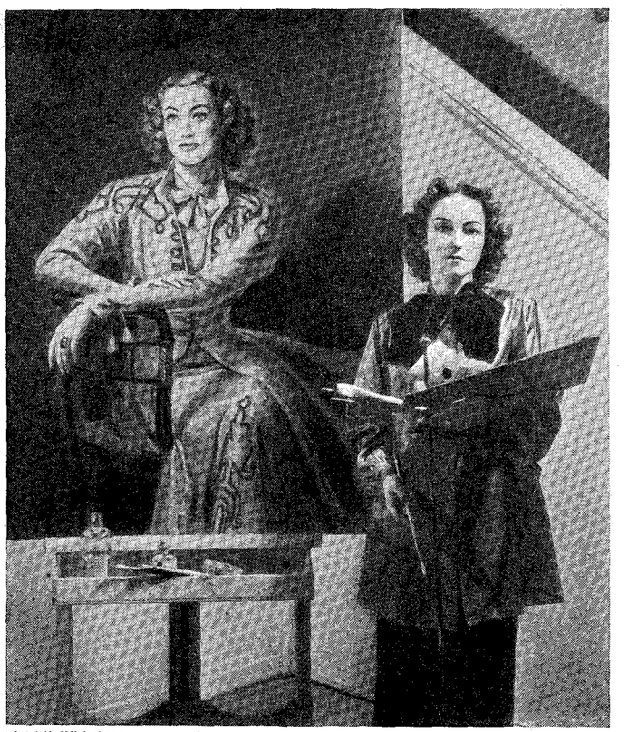
* * *

Three youths escaped last week from the Arkansas Boys' Industrial School at Pine Bluff. Police set bloodhounds sniffing at the trail. The next day the boys appeared in **Jefferson Springs,** a dozen miles away, a bloodhound with them as a pet. To villagers they explained they were hunting "some bad boys who had escaped."

"The most intensified form of hell there ever has been," is the way **Capt. Austin U. M. Hudson,** Parliamentary Secretary of the Transport Ministry, described the New York subway on the floor of the British House of Commons last week. He said: "They are so crowded there . . . that they have men who throw passengers in on top of each other, crush them in and shut the doors in a manner which would never be tolerated in this country." A Laborite doubted Captain Hudson, said they do the same in the London "underground." "But we do it much more kindly," replied the Captain.

* * *

Titian-haired, blue-eyed **Azadia Newman,** who claims direct descent from both Charlemagne and Alfred the Great and kinship to Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson as well, is the first member of her family to work for a living in ten generations. Daughter of the late Edwin A. Newman, Democratic National Committeeman during Woodrow Wilson's first Presidential campaign, she has, after only five years of painting, completed at her Hollywood studio the portraits of Vice President John N. Garner, ex-Sen. Thomas P. Gore, Walter Huston, Eve Symington and Joan Crawford, whom she resembles strikingly.



"Dick" Whittington

Azadia Newman's career hit a new high when she painted Joan Crawford . . . she and the star bear a startling resemblance

* * *

Edwin Markham, venerable poet, observed his eighty-fifth birthday recently, did exactly what was expected and what he had done hundreds of times since 1899: he recited his "Man With the Hoe":

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world. . . .

* * *

Representative **Maury Maverick** of Texas, who hates cocktail parties, recently suggested the Americanization of the hard-to-pronounce *hors-d'oeuvres* to "dingle-doos." Last week he received a telegram from George Rector, who owned a famous New York restaurant in pre-Prohibition days:

SUGGEST CALLING THE THINGS MAVERICKS STOP A MAVERICK IS SOMETHING THAT DOES NOT BELONG ANYWHERE IN PARTICULAR AND ANY MAN CAN PUT HIS BRAND ON IT IF HE CAN CATCH IT STOP AND THAT FITS THE OLD-TIME FREE LUNCH JUST AS WELL AS THE FANCY APPETIZERS IN THE FANCIEST HOTEL IN THE COUNTRY STOP WELL WHY NOT STOP

* * *

A sixty-five-mile-an-hour gale swept Chesapeake Bay last week, tossed the 2,100-ton *District of Columbia* with its Congressional outing party like a cork, wrecked the dining-salon. Andrew J. May, Kentucky Representative, was temporarily engulfed by an avalanche of broken dishes, Georgia's Sen. Richard B. Russell caught a member of the crew in his lap, Sen. James J. Davis of Pennsylvania was sent sprawling. Utterly untroubled, Vice President **John N. Garner** followed his 9 o'clock bedtime rule, slept peacefully.

* * *

Andrew J. ("Bossy") Gillis, unpredictable Mayor of Newburyport (Mass.), several years ago wrote in his autobiography: "I've been in jail, I've been a street-corner loafer, a hobo, a dish-washer, a gob and a fighter." He has also been a filling-station operator, shoe manufacturer and publisher of *Asbestos,* a weekly newspaper suspended by a libel suit. Last week the forty-two-year-old redhead took a leaf out of the housebreaker's book, climbed a fireman's ladder into a third-story window of the city's new half-million-dollar school when Superintendent of Schools Charles A. Thibadeau had locked the doors in an unsuccessful attempt to keep "Bossy" out.

* * *

The royal custom in England of going around without a penny is being broken by **Queen Elizabeth.** All informal street pictures show a little bag on her arm. Instead of turning to a lady-in-waiting to pay for what she buys, the Queen forks out the money or, alternatively, "puts it on the account." Queen Mary always had her hands free, on umbrella-less days, while the late King George had less cash in his pockets than any other member of royalty.

* * *

"In England I was a boodler," bemoaned **Paul Whiteman,** jazz orchestra leader, testifying before the House of Representatives. "Do you know what that act is? Well, that's where you pay some one else's salary for the privilege of working. It's an English relative of American boondoggling, a cousin or something. The whole time I was there, I had to pay a boodling English orchestra. It boodled, it did not work. My orchestra worked."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOMADS' LAND BEGS ALLAH FOR WATER

Moroccans Clog Oases as French Rulers Grow Grayer

The best of alms is water. A thirsty man dies in an hour. A hungry man lives for days.—Proverb of Arabs in Morocco.

For centuries, Berber tribesmen from Morocco's five Atlas ranges rode in spring to raid the flocks and harvests fattened and reaped by plains tribes.

That was easier than raising their own, up among the narrow ledges. The raids were almost as regular as the winter rains —from November until May—which made agriculture possible in the lowlands.

In recent years, France's "pacification" of Morocco halted the wars, stabilized the tribes, forced the mountaineers to increase their own flocks, raise their own grain in tiny patches or pay for it.

Moreover, the "pacification" has made Morocco, tho technically only a protectorate and open on equal terms to the commerce of all nations, the richest, choicest morsel in the world's second largest colonial empire.

Reversal—Last week, after years of stability, Morocco's plain-dwellers reversed the age-old tradition, folded their tents and moved herds, flocks, wives, children and camels toward the mountains.

For the first time in the memory of living man, winter had brought no water. Its rainy season, ordinarily as regular between November and May as the calendar itself, had failed them. The hot sirocco from the east, usually a plague of a few days' duration, had blown for weeks.

Winter seeds still lay unsprouted. For ten more months, no seed would grow.

Oases, shaded by date-palms, had gone dry by the hundred over the boulder-strewn thousand-mile strip of desert. Palms withered this year. Dates dried into stony seeds. Arab cattle, always as ribby as X-ray photographs, staggered off into the desert and died.

Tribesmen, meanwhile, dug deeper in the oases until they no longer could catch up with the ever-receding water; no matter how they clawed and scratched, their hands brought up dry sand.

Only when fast camels brought news that all oases were dry or drying, that the water famine was general, did the Moslem caids, fatalistic by religion and tradition, think of flight and say good-by to the shallow, sterile furrows their wooden plows had scratched.

But once they struck camp and with tents, tent-rugs, live stock and their numerous wives and children began to move, their flight became a migration.

Thaw—In the mountains, they knew, tho there would be a shortage of tillable soil, the melting of the eternal snows would provide water and life for their sheep, goats, donkeys, camels and runty cattle.

Three times as large as New England, larger than France, Morocco is a land where cities are few and far apart. Inevitably, the *emigrés* converged upon Marrakesh the Red, back-country metropolis sprawling at the foot of the Atlas ranges behind miles of red-brown ramparts so massive that, tho they have crumbled for eight centuries, they remain impregnable to all but artillery.

Mirages, gleaming lakes, rushing rivers, floated before the scores of caravans moving over the arid, rocky plain. But mirages they knew. They knew, also, that one day, far ahead, they would see the tossing fronds of the 250,000 date-palms embracing Marrakesh like a vast green wreath. Origin of the palmery, they knew, was an ancient war in which the city's garrison chewed dried dates for months and tossed the pits over the parapets, where they grew.

From every oasis in the desert, one or more of the Arabs had *trekked* to Marrakesh to trade; in the thirsty hours of the migration, they told the rest of the rippling streams of cold mountain-water winding through the palmery and the white-capped mountains making a backdrop behind the tropical forest.

Under the palms outside the ramparts would be water in plenty.

Mart—Once refreshed, the tribes could flow through the great red gate into the Djemaâ-el-Fna, irregular square vast enough to hold 100,000 nomads any market-day without undue crowding.

Here, tribesmen from every corner of Morocco's mountains and plains would have news of where to go. Here, under the shadow of the Koutoubiya, giant minaret of which the Giralda at Seville is a smaller duplicate, they could linger a day or a few days, until thirst and hunger were eased. Sales of a part of their skinny stock would pay. They could recall the days when a jealous Sultan blinded the *muezzins* who chanted from the Koutoubiya, lest they look down on the courtyard of his harem.

Quenched and fed, they could join the circles about the story-tellers who stand, as they have for 2,000 years, recounting Arabia's legends, their listeners seated at the center of the circle, kneeling midway from the center and standing at the edges, forming bowls of hooded human heads.

Or they could join beady-eyed circles about the snake-charmers as the latter wound serpents about their necks, slithered them under their burnooses, let them wriggle up their sleeves, then looped them over the heads of protesting bystanders.

Chleuh dancers from the mountains there would be to see, black, bangled, feathered, braceleted men with jingling anklets standing almost motionless, their calloused feet smacking rhythm from packed earth to the thrumming of tom-toms and the skreel of shrill pipes.

Barter—In one corner of the great square they could replenish their cooking utensils among the piles of red pottery from Ifni. In another, they could buy dyes for new tent-rugs—after they had sold their old ones—dyes advertised by wind-blown horse-tails of brilliant wool.

Like the other thousands, they could sidle past the blind Sudanese beggars, seated 1,000 miles from home, their shaven ebony heads sweating in the sun as they chanted, endlessly, Allah's blessing to the multitudes who dropped nothing in their empty hands.

The men, if they could escape their women, could shuffle ankle-deep in rustling wings in the corner where giant grasshoppers broiled over charcoal braziers and were sold as crackling delicacies to silent men who squatted, solemnly chewing and tossing the wings away.

At sunset, when the thin voice of the *muezzin* floated down from the Koutoubiya, they could face toward Mekka and prostrate themselves to the chant that "Only Allah is Great."

Long before sunrise of another day, they could be on their way to the new destiny which gossip in the Djemaâ-el-Fna would reveal as one in which they could wait until the rains of next November should revive the oases they had left behind.

Fata Morgana—This dream, too, for most of the drought-driven drifters, was to be a mirage. Each village had thought in terms of itself alone. As hundreds of small caravans converged and merged,

© Publishers Photo Service

Into the market of the Djemaa-el-Fna desert, tribesmen fled from their drought-dried oases

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

even tho many men and cattle dropped behind to die, they became a horde, advancing menacingly across the plain and preceded by an ominous cloud of their own raising, even when no sand-storms were raised by the wind.

Thousands had outdistanced them, had packed the palm-groves and the Djemaâ-el-Fna for weeks, had so alarmed dark, eagle-beaked El Glaoui, millionaire Pasha of the city and lord of 200,000 warriors back in the mountains, that he had wired frantic warnings to Albert Nogues, France's Resident-General at Rabat, white Capital far north on the Atlantic Coast.

While General Nogues wired a web of queries to his information officers scattered thinly over Morocco's spaces, El Glaoui's horsemen cantered out of the great red gate to bar the way to 30,000 thirst-maddened Berbers, Tuaregs and their flocks, migrating from Amismiz toward Marrakesh.

"Marrakesh can receive no more," the wanderers were told, rifles emphasizing the message. "Go into the mountains by another pass." More horsemen rode out to halt other hordes converging on the city.

Decree — At Rabat, meanwhile, General Nogues drew up an *irade,* taking it as a matter of form for the counter signature of twenty-six-year-old puppet Sultan Sidi Mohammed, forbidding all export of wheat, barley, corn; and another decree for the importation of 1,000 tons of relief rice.

Replies from information officers were unanimous that the water famine was the worst in the memory of living men; that already hundreds of men and thousands of cattle, sheep and goats had died, that probably at least 200,000 would succumb before the next rainfall.

With a hurriedly allotted $400,000 relief fund, General Nogues loaded fast motorcades at the grain-elevators of Morocco's busy seaport, Casablanca; sped them through sand-storms over the straight, new Foreign Legion-built road toward hungry Marrakesh.

Almost as disquieting as the news from the mountain metropolis was that from the Protectorate's other cities. Holy Fez, rich, intellectual and religious capital, with a university and more mosques than there are churches in Rome, also was closing its gates against thirsty, desperate fugitives from the desert.

Nestled between the hills of a narrow green valley, water gushing audibly under nearly every one of its narrow, crooked streets, Fez already was a crowded city, with no open spaces such as the vast Djemaâ-el-Fna. Moreover, its cultured inhabitants had no love for rough wanderers from the *bled.*

Casablanca, the seaport, always a "money town," was used to driving back the penurious attracted by the magnet of its riches. Distant from the desert and with mercantile short-sightedness, it found things only a little more difficult this year than usual.

Gravity—But at the seat of Government, men were grave. They knew their history. They knew that drought in Arabia had had at least as much as Holy War to do with driving the Arabs into the African country in the seventh century and that drought had had something to do with driving them to conquer Spain in the eighth.

Without modern weapons Morocco Arabs scarcely could rival their migrations of 1,200 years ago; but they could, in struggling among themselves for water and grazing-grounds, breed a lively civil war which would cripple commerce in Morocco.

To control it, France had only the Foreign Legion, 80 per cent. German now and disquietingly astir with echoes from the Germany they had left in despair and the Spain in which some of their relatives were now at war.

Gray hairs multiplied last week among their French officers.

PEON UTOPIA: Mexico Forging Ahead as Paradise for Labor of Town and Field

American capital to the sum of $10,000,000 went up the Mexican Agrarian Reform flue last week when President Lázaro Cárdenas ruled that the 700,000 acres of the Colorado River Company were dividable immediately among land-hungry Mexican peasants.

According to the Company, President Cárdenas, in making the ruling, contravened an agreement between his Government and Colorado River Co. officials, made on April 4, 1936, by which the latter was to be permitted to sell its property to Mexican peasants at a fixed yearly rate. The Company, protesting Mexican Government action, pointing out that the American side of the bargain had been kept, had for its answer a letter from the Mexican President pointing out that the Company must have known that a government contract could not nullify the Mexican Agrarian Code under which seizures are to be made.

Two years ago, Gen. Plutarco Elias Calles—ex-President, the Army's Grand Old Man and Big Boss of Mexican politics—helped Lázaro Cárdenas become President of the Aztec land. Shrewd, high-handed, General Calles had patted himself on the back, thinking his protégé would be an ideal yes-man to boss the National Revolutionary (Government) Party, secretly truckle to the landed and upper classes while outwardly standing for labor and peasantry.

President Cárdenas proved of different mettle. Lowly-born, of Tarascan Indian stock, self-made, he pondered his situation calmly, announced a Six-Year Plan to revamp Mexico's economic and social structure. General Calles frowned. His young protégé ignored his scowl, insisted on a literal fulfilment of the revolutionary program and galvanized the Party into action.

Eased out of the picture, General Calles moved to his *hacienda.* But his finger still was in the pie, for he worked *sub rosa* to undermine what he considered the alarmingly radical policies of the new President. Still unruffled, President Cárdenas quietly had his erstwhile boss whisked to a United States exile, took the reins in his own hands.

Dictator—Cárdenas became Mexico's Boss No. 1, President and "agrarian Messiah." The road was clear for his "socialist reforms," which he applied with speed and thoroughness.

Mexico became the paradise of labor—town and field. The old labor leaders no longer found it necessary to content themselves with promises, no longer needed to play the game with the Bosses or, knowingly or otherwise, allow themselves to be used as political pawns.

Still bent on reform, President Cárdenas last week prepared to place labor more securely in the saddle. Frankly, he told union leaders that labor must become dominant in politics and that by labor he meant both farm and factory workers. Thenceforth, he said, labor must send to Congress its own candidates — not of the puppet variety, but spokesmen who can fearlessly interpret the working classes' aims and needs.

Backed by a constitutional provision which makes labor's right to strike a sacred trust, he urged workers to organize

Acme

Vicente Lombardo Toledano (center) leads a meeting of Mexico's most powerful labor organization . . . workers prepare to play an important part in the country's politics

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eventually into a mammoth union embracing not only the 800,000 town workers, but also including representatives of the peasants, who form 70 per cent. of Mexico's 18,000,000 inhabitants.

Big Four—To-day, Mexican labor thrives under the banner of four principal trade-unions, all vying, like A.F.L. and C.I.O., for supremacy. There is the *Casa del Obrero Mundial,* formed in 1912. It gradually lost power, especially when, a few years later, the anarcho-syndicalists organized the *Confederacion General de Trabajadores.* But the real struggle for union power is waged between the *Confederacion Regional Obrera Mexicana* (generally known as Crom), which is headed by Luis Morones, and the more powerful Federation of Mexican Workers, under its young leader, Vicente Lombardo Toledano.

Counting more than 550,000 members, the C.T.M. heartily supports President Cárdenas's unflinching goal of forming one powerful labor-union. While the C.T.M. is the more radical of the two unions (it has been compared to the C.I.O.), the Crom (like the A.F.L.) at one time represented General Calles's caution and conservatism.

At first, President Cárdenas's régime was beset by a strike epidemic, but employers feared these labor troubles, as Mexican law decrees that if the Federal Arbitration Board finds for the employees, employers have to pay them full wages for idle days. Employers, moreover, are permitted to enter strike-paralyzed plants only with the written permission of labor leaders.

Break—Another break with the past will come about when, in June, all laborers and farm workers will vote to send their own representatives to Congress, where they are expected to capture fifty-five of the 165 seats. Hitherto, only those who held membership cards in the National Revolutionary Party could vote.

At the same time, foreseeing danger, President Cárdenas warned farm-workers not to be fooled by the wrong kind of labor-leaders, but to elect those who truly represent them and their own districts. To achieve this aim he has made it possible for thousands of workers to attend night primary schools. Mexican law compels the employers to finance the grammar education of their workers' children.

ROYAL WRATH: Last Chapter of Latest Book on Edward VIII Brings Kick-Back

Of the flood of books dealing with last winter's constitutional crisis in Britain, only one, "Coronation Commentary," has crept intolerably under the Duke of Windsor's skin.

Following his threatened libel suit, the publisher, William Heinemann, Ltd., announced that the book was being withdrawn. Geoffrey Dennis, the author, added his apology to the publisher's, but the Duke made good his threat last week, demanding an injunction against publication of the book and claiming damages.

Yet Dennis, a plump man of forty-five with horn-rimmed spectacles and straggly blond hair, scarcely ranks among the Duke's severest critics. They were at Oxford together and the author gave the young Prince the adulation customary in those days.

Pictures, Inc.

Wallis Simpson and Duke of Windsor: their wedding might steal the Coronation show

"I was creating my vision of him," he writes. "It is still my vision of him—a vision of youth and innocence; modesty with dignity; of a very young man, nervous, nervy and yet brave; loving, but not loved enough; quite unusually good-natured and attractive; with a sense of fun but prevailing sadness. . . . He was, on his own as a human being, one of the most likable persons on whom I had looked."

Culturally, Dennis, who recently resigned as chief of the Documents Division of the League of Nations and who once won the Hawthornden Prize for Literature, did not rate the future ruler so highly.

"Without base flattery," he wrote, "nobody, I think, could have called him artistically or intellectually gifted, or have attributed to him a subtle, remarkable or specially interesting mind. The concerns of one ardent minority of his future subjects—in books, art, music (decent music), the passion of ideas—nobody imagined him to share."

Addenda—But those were not the phrases which made London correspondents burn the transatlantic cables. In a chapter on the abdication, added when the book was almost finished; Dennis took up Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin's grievances against the former King. The oft-repeated but unsubstantiated charges accused him of extravagance, of petulant and ill-considered attacks on officials who tried to interfere in his affairs. In summary, they made him out a stubborn, bad-natured boy for such an exalted position.

The King, once built up in the British press as the "hardest working man in the Kingdom," emerged as something of a loafer at best—at worst, a man who, through personal spite and an absurd infatuation, tried to block the orderly procedure of the British governmental system.

The Duke sued for libel on April 27, six months to the day after an Ipswich court granted Mrs. Simpson a probationary divorce from Capt. Ernest Simpson. Just after 9 A.M. the next morning, when the Registry Office opened, her attorney appeared with a half-crown (60 cents) and an application for the final decree.

Plans—Meanwhile, some of the Duke's luggage already had arrived from St. Wolfgang, Austria, at the Chateau de Cande, her French refuge.

On the eve of his departure, Austrian Nazis burned a huge wooden swastika at his temporary villa, outwitting police who surrounded the lake with orders to arrest demonstrators. The Duke ignored the incident as he left to join his future bride.

Before they may marry, Mrs. Simpson must have the decree in her possession and the law ordinarily requires seven days' notice before the ceremony may be performed. P. J. Philip of *The New York Times* reported that Anglican clergymen had been given to understand that any one daring to marry the twice-divorced woman would incur his Bishop's displeasure—altho, under church law, as the technically innocent party in both divorces, she is entitled to the sacrament. Even American clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church, many of whom would not object to officiating, have been informed that this would be "undesirable."

Jean Mercier, peasant Mayor of Monts, said he had been asked to officiate at the wedding.

"This will be the climax of my career," he exulted.

The peaceful Touraine countryside swarmed with French detectives, disguised, according to the New York *Daily News,* as farmers, and Scotland Yard men

Radio

Coronation Broadcast

The first world-wide broadcast of a British King's Coronation meant major worries this week for British Broadcasting Corporation engineers.

Sixty wireless experts and engineers from fourteen foreign countries checked the fifty-eight microphones and 472 miles of wires (including duplicate circuits) to be used to describe the procession and the ceremonies in Westminster Abbey.

In the Abbey, thirty-two "mikes," two directly before the Throne, will pick up the age-old ceremonial dialog between the King and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the oath-taking, the hymn-singing—all but the "secret" part of the ceremony, when the King is taken behind a screen, disrobed, anointed and rerobed.

Atlantic seaboard Americans will have to get up at 5 A.M. to hear the first broadcast: BBC's John Snagge watching the procession start from Buckingham Palace. (Californians can hear the London day begin at 2 A.M.) At 6:15 A.M. (Eastern time) the two-hour Coronation ceremony begins, and at 9:15 the Royal Procession back to Buckingham Palace starts. At 2:20 P.M. "The Empire's Homage" will carry words of fealty and salutation from dignitaries of all the Dominions, Commonwealths and possessions of the Empire. At 3 o'clock, the King will broadcast his first message to the Empire from a small room in Buckingham Palace.

American listeners who miss the program during the day via NBC or Columbia may hear it rebroadcast in the evening by the Mutual System.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also convened in the neighborhood. Rumor said the Englishmen had tapped Mrs. Simpson's telephone wire to learn of the Duke's plans.

Britain still feared that the lonely exile might steal the Coronation show.

GALA BRITAIN: Seats Still Available for Most Royal Show on Earth

One week before Coronation day, hundreds of thousands of "outsiders" streaming into London found seats along the six-mile procession route were available. For those who had not paid prices based on a $26 minimum, there were last-minute seats going at reduced prices. The world's biggest and best show of royalty is bound to be a sell-out.

But in the United States, where shipping companies find overseas reservations the best in many years, cancelations have come in from Americans who first made plans last fall to take in the Coronation of Edward VIII. Despite the fact that ship-owners are finding it difficult to guarantee cabin-space for Americans returning from Europe during the rush season at the end of summer, the French Line announced 250 reservations for ships sailing for the Coronation have been turned back; the Holland-America Line and German lines are short more than 200 expected tourists.

Overgrandiose publicity, which exaggerated high prices, seems to have been carried too far.

For the show which millions may see at more reasonable prices after all, the costumes of President Roosevelt's delegates inspired an ancient Anglo-American feud. Former Ambassador James W. Gerard, dedicated to the silk knee-breeches which frequently have aroused Congressional anger, announced in London that he would have his breeches made there because "American cutters can not make clothes as well as English tailors." Later, the ex-diplomat proved he had not lost his agility by explaining hastily he meant only breeches.

No "O.-D.'s"—John J. Pershing, General of the Army of the United States, patronized a Washington tailor, but failed to pacify home opinion when he forswore plain olive-drab for a blue-and-gilt uniform of his own design. The Associated Press described his creation as a "General Grant" outfit with knee-length coat having cuffs embossed with four silver stars, heavy gold epaulets, buff sash and belt of gold-embroidered oak-leaves. His *chapeau bras* is a "fore-and-aft" hat of the type originated a century ago, gorgeous with gold braid and ostrich-plumes.

But military tailors knew "Black Jack's" Army blues as the kit worn by all American general officers at White House full-dress functions with the slight substitution of a full general's four silver stars on each cuff.

Reporters who descended on the liner *President Harding* found the General huffy. "The uniform's simply a modification of the old brigadier-general's uniform that I wore twenty years ago," he explained. "It's just changed to correspond to my present rank. It's a correct regulation uniform."

Blast—"Will you wear knee-pants?" a civilian inquired.

"Knee-pants with uniform!" the old General exploded. "Young man, you should go to a C.C.C. camp and learn about uniforms." Escaping photographers on the gang-plank, "Black Jack" barked to a sergeant: "If they get in the way, knock them down!" Admiral Hugh Rodman took the situation more cheerfully. Asked about knee-breeches, he grinned: "I guess I'll wear pink undies."

King George could have saved them all trouble. Overruling the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal in charge of ceremonial, he gave a Quaker with conscientious objections to court regalia permission to wear plain evening dress—and long pants.

WHITE ELEPHANT: Siam's New Ruler Plays Tag With British Far Eastern Strategy

When Britain this spring staged the biggest naval, military and air maneuvers in the Empire's history at her mammoth Singapore fortifications, the world wondered at the enormous expenditure involved, wondered even more at the moment chosen for a flash of British teeth.

The historic mock attack involved 100 air-planes, twenty-five war-ships and even a battery of fifteen-inch guns to reassure Army commanders that Singapore was impregnable. Against what?

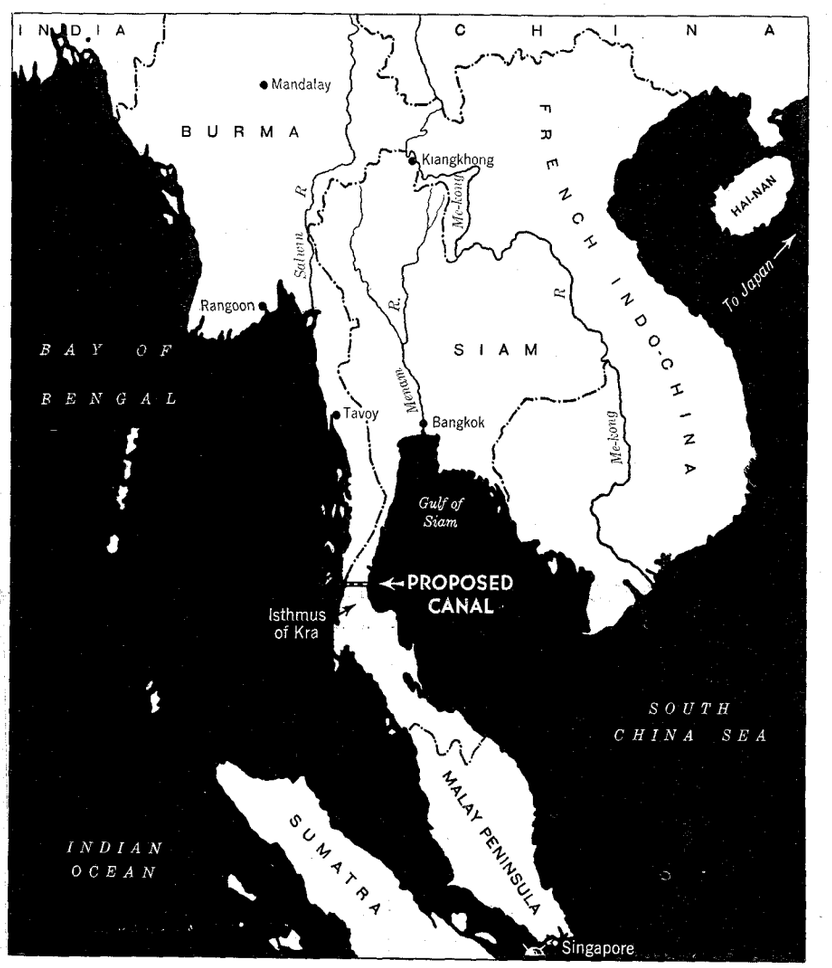
Lynx-eyed British intelligence officers thought they knew the answer, but spoke not a word, letting the press of the Far East and Europe speculate on the "menace" of Japanese invasion.

Lying at the tip of the Malay Peninsula, Singapore gives Britain a great stronghold and war station from which air-planes, battle-ships and armies may be radiated easily to trouble-centers in the Middle and Far East. In case of war, Singapore and the hinterland of Malaya will buzz with British arms, with friendly Holland's East Indian possessions lying across the Straits Settlements.

Brewing—North of British Malaya, however, Siam simmers with newfangled political notions. Strategically located between British Burma and Malaya, Siam assumes great significance from the viewpoint of Britain's strategists, who have been sleeplessly watching Bangkok's political changes, especially during the past four years.

Towering above Siam's statesmen is heavy-jowled Col. Phya Bahol Bolabayuha Sena, German-trained Army man, self-avowed radical and King-maker. Two years ago, he engineered the abdication of King Prajadhipok, warm friend of Britain, and installed a nine-year-old ruler, sweeping his own People's Party into power. His control over the Land of the White Elephant sealed, he startled the Orient with reports that he was for closer friendship with Japan and a curtailment of British influence.

Last week, rumors were stronger than ever that the fast-growing friendship between Japan and Siam was being turned to account by Tokyo, which is said to have offered to dig a twenty-five-mile canal across the Isthmus of Kra. Alarmed Britishers scanned the situation and found,



Literary Digest map

Rumors of a canal through the Isthmus of Kra have proved a thorn in Britain's side

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to their surprize, that Japan's trade with Siam had grown a hundredfold since Col. Phya Bahol became the country's virtual master three years ago.

Leader—Describing himself as "neither a statesman nor a politician, but a plain, blunt soldier," the energetic Colonel averred his administration has "come to stay" and pooh-poohed the dormant opposition of ousted members of the royal family and high military officers. Tho he rules under a Council of Regency, appointed by himself, Phya Bahol bans all parties but his own and constitutes himself Commander-in-Chief of the Siamese Army. Moreover, he is surrounded by a strong Army and Navy of middle-class Regulars, trained mostly in Japan.

When he headed the peaceful rebellion against King Prajadhipok in 1932, he demanded and got a Constitution and a Parliament. Quickly, the Government abolished taxation on land and salt and levied an income tax on capital gains.

His declaration reassured the people, who flocked to his banners. Even when, in 1935, King Prajadhipok abdicated, the students cheered their Colonel with shouts of "Down with the Occidentals!" The shrewd, dapper Colonel had ousted the King by abridging his royal privileges while giving England no excuse to step in on the score of his so-called radical policies.

Armament—Meanwhile, he turned his attention to enlarging the Army and Navy by establishing an air-plane factory, in addition to buying scores of air-planes from the United States and England. From Italy and Japan he bought torpedo-boats and training-ships, armored cars, field-guns, trucks and gas-masks.

His relations with Japan waxing more and more cordial, Phya Bahol's plans for building a canal across the alluvial strip of Kra, near the southern borders of British Burma, proved so thorny to Britain that they found echo in the House of Commons.

Comment—Denying such a scheme was afoot, Sir Thomas Inskip, British Minister for the Coordination of Defense, recently quoted the Bangkok *Times* as saying that "there have been no tales from the Straits about any progress in cutting that canal across the Isthmus of Kra for quite a considerable time. . . . The latest form it has taken in Europe is that there are now 200 Japanese engineers and 20,000 workmen busy on the job!"

"It is now reported," according to the Montreal *Daily Star*, "that a direct offer has been made by Tokyo to Colonel Phya Bahol . . . to finance the cutting of the Kra Isthmus and the construction of a deep-water canal that would accommodate the biggest war-ships.

"When it is recalled that the recent German-Japanese Treaty was reported to contain a secret agreement as to the division of the Dutch East Indies into German and Japanese spheres of influence, Britain's determination to speed up the work of completing the Singapore base by 1939 can be easily understood," this paper adds. "The Dutch realized their danger last year when they took steps to increase in a very material degree both their naval and military establishments in the East Indies."

"If all the guns of Christendom were mounted on Singapore," writes Britain's *News-Review*, "they would be virtually useless to stop the Japanese fleet sailing into the Indian Ocean through a canal cutting the narrow Siamese Isthmus of Kra."

Vehemently denying these reports, Yasukichi Yatabe writes in *Contemporary Japan* that "to build a canal across the Kra Isthmus is obviously an impossible task for financial and other reasons, even if it were technically feasible. . . . There are but few in Japan who even know the name of Kra."

FLIRTY BELGIUM: Britain, France, Germany, Italy Vie for Coquettish Hand

Belgium, little *coquette* of Western Europe, has had the satisfaction of seeing Britain, France, Germany and Italy vie for her hand. By the end of last week, she had turned them all down, yet won from those seasoned international *roués* more

Aral-Pix

Premier van Zeeland of Belgium "gloated" over his political bargain with Great Britain

favors than she has enjoyed since she was violated in 1914.

King Leopold III requested, last autumn, that the country be released from her obligations to preserve the *status quo* in Western Europe under the terms of the Locarno Treaty, on the ground that Hitler had abrogated it by his "invasion" of the demilitarized Rhineland. France and Britain, well aware that under to-day's highly developed aerial warfare the country offers even greater access to Paris and the Channel ports than she did twenty-three years ago, announced that they would defend Belgium against attack in any case. "The Belgians know they will be guaranteed," a sour British diplomat remarked, "so they want to get out of guaranteeing."

Snub—Meanwhile, Adolf Hitler anxiously tried to add his guaranty of the State's borders and neutrality to theirs, if Belgium would only disregard her League obligations. Premier Paul van Zeeland, involved in a vicious—and victorious—election campaign against Léon Degrelle and his pro-Nazi Fascists, quietly disregarded the offer.

Still, Belgium emerged from the discussions virtually where she was in 1914. Anthony Eden, British Foreign Minister, wangled the only concession the Belgians were willing to make: They will remain within the League orbit and observe their duty under Article XVI "to afford passage through their territory to the forces of any members of the League which are cooperating to protect the Covenant of the League."

M. van Zeeland insisted, however, that it was up to Belgium to interpret this duty. Mr. Eden, grateful for this small favor, said he was "extremely satisfied," while the Belgian Premier and the King gloated over what has been called "the political bargain of the century."

BASQUE SHAMBLES: Spanish Rebels Batter Bilbao Area; Loyalists Sink Battle-Ship

Spain's Basque* country became the shambles of the Spanish Civil War last week as Insurgent troops, swelled by Fascist and Nazi units, battered their way toward Bilbao on the Bay of Biscay.

The fratricidal strife in the air, on the sea and on land accounted for destruction of one of the country's largest battle-ships in the choppy Bay of Biscay, while machine-guns and "explosive bullets" mowed down scores of women and children in towns and villages.

The ill-fated Insurgent battle-ship was the 15,452-ton *España*, which a crack Loyalist aviator bombed and sank as she was about to intercept a food-ship steering into famished Bilbao, the beleaguered Basque capital.

Tho the unprecedented feat went unmentioned in Rebel territory, Loyalists claimed it proved the superiority of their newly acquired aircraft, tardily sent to the aid of the hard-pressed Basques.

Full Force—Pressing his full force against the unconquered Basque Provinces, Insurgent Gen. Emilio Mola of the northern forces resumed his march after capturing Durango and other villages. He had paused not only to consolidate Rebel gains but also to let Generalissimo Francisco Franco inspect his forces and decide on the fate of Bilbao's civil population.

Yielding to French and British pleas, General Franco agreed not to shell refugee ships scheduled to transport about 150,000 aged people, women and children to safety.

So pitiable was the fate of Bilbao's starved non-combatants that French pilots chipped in and sent a large air-plane with 2,000 cans of condensed milk for the city's destitute children, while France and Great Britain instructed their war-ships to convoy ships with 30,000 Basque children immediately to the French coast.

Their food problem partly solved, Bilbao's stanch defenders prepared to withstand the oncoming Insurgent attack to the last man. Jealous of their independence, the Basques waxed rabidly indignant at

*Spain has four Basque provinces, France three, symbolizing the Basque motto: *Zazpiak Bat* (Seven in One). Their language is a mystery to philologists and the people are democratic, independence-loving and proud of a history as old as Europe. Spanish Basques are mostly fighting for the Loyalists, who granted them autonomy last October. Guernica was the seat of the Basque Diet until 1876. Basques are Catholics.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what they termed the heartless, savage bombing of their villages by Insurgent airplanes. Their anger was fanned to white heat when tales reached them of the destruction of Guernica, ancient seat of their government, by Rebels who spared neither women nor children as they surrounded the town.

Strafing—"As the population scattered in panic," Dorothy Thompson summarized the cable dispatches in her column in the New York *Herald Tribune,* "the planes swooped low and opened machine-gun fire on the running people, whether they were men or women or children.

"Good God! The game laws of most of our States prohibit the shooting of birds from air-planes. . . . The democratic nations do not believe in 'intervention.' Instead, we sell copper to Germany and oil to Italy!"

Meanwhile, the Madrid front was comparatively quiet, with only occasional artillery shells from the Rebel outposts damaging buildings and killing a handful of civilians.

Sanctuary—South of Madrid, the Valencia Government was able to make an official announcement of the fall of La Virgen de la Cabeza de Starra Morena, the mountain-top sanctuary which Government forces have besieged since the start of the civil war.

122-DAY WEEK: Canny French Premier Bows to Left, Then to Right

Two weeks ago, *Cassandras* were prophesying that the French Government would fall upon the assembly of Parliament on April 27.

But Premier Léon Blum's long, deft fingers switched enough contacts and levers the first day of the session to wire his political electric rabbit for a non-stop run—unless the machinery breaks down—straight through the summer to September.

If his circuit-crossing works, it will keep the Premier's red (Communist), pink (Socialist) and pale rose (Radical Socialist) whippets panting parallel courses until Labor day, when M. Blum may allow them to catch the bait and tear it to shreds, or, by more sleight-of-hand, may whisk it out of sight.

Before the opening session, enough members of his own supporting parties had filed intentions to attack him to make it probable that his Cabinet would be voted down.

Logically, since the session opened on April 27, the attacks or "interpellations" should have begun at 3 P.M. on May 1. But, like a chess-player several moves ahead of his game, the soft-voiced Blum suggested, since May 1 is a national holiday—Labor's holiday—that the attacks should be adjourned until May 6.

Bait—"Many of you—Mayors of your communities—will wish to be in your own constituencies on May 1," he crooned.

In unanimous chorus, the Deputies of his three supporting parties shouted, "Aye"; but from the conservatives, clericals and traditionalists of the Right rose a roar of noes.

"May 6 is Ascension day, *our* holiday, far older and much more sacred holiday than May 1. On that day, many of us can not be here," objected the Rightists.

Without unction enough to excite suspicion, M. Blum explained blandly that he wanted to be fair to every one. Would they object to May 7?

Both factions agreed, the Right, at least, forgetting for the moment that May 7 already has been fixed as the date upon which Parliament will adjourn until May 18 and that one day will be far too short to exhaust the list of speakers already lined up to attack the Government.

Moreover, May 18 is just six days before the official opening of the Paris International Exposition. The city will be ornate with official foreign delegations to the inauguration and will be filling with hordes of foreign tourists, many of them fresh from the stately Coronation ceremonies in London. Flags will flutter from every window and flagstaff. Bands will play. Streets will gleam with uniforms. Rare will be the Frenchman, unless the

Wide World

Léon Jouhaux called in vain for a $440,000,000 loan to finance France's public works

race has changed greatly, who will risk, at such a moment, showing his country in a state of distress, confusion and disarray.

Truce—In the general desire to hide domestic discord from visiting neighbors, it is expected that, by May 18, attackers at least will be pulling their punches, if not putting their hands in their pockets. It is expected also that the truce will last through the tourist season, until most of the visitors are gone, which usually is by America's Labor day, this year September 6.

Not until the juggling of dates was complete did either the Premier's friends or enemies realize that in allowing the Parliament to vote him a week's reprieve, he was counting on a week of 122 days.

Safe within Parliament, M. Blum still is subject to attack from organized labor without. To a mass meeting-supported "summons" from burly, goateed Léon Jouhaux, chief of the General Confederation of Labor and also one of the nineteen directors of the Bank of France, M. Blum and his Cabinet last week replied with a resolute "No."

The "summons" was for a long-term government loan of $440,000,000 to finance public works for the Confederation's unemployed.

"Such a loan now," the Cabinet argued, "would upset public finances and would be a mortal blow to the workers themselves."

Maybe—To another demand that he "nationalize" private insurance companies M. Blum replied: "Perhaps."

"If all three parties of the Popular Front demand it, I will," he said.

Meanwhile, he proposed to take over the four privately-owned railroads of the country (the State already owns two), since they are in debt to the State to the tune of $1,100,000,000 on a capitalization of only $352,000,000 and never likely to bail themselves out. By merging all lines and boosting freight-rates 10 to 15 per cent. M. Blum says he can put them on their feet without increasing passenger-fares.

Most immediately irritating and most likely to produce surface disorder is Labor's attempt to apply the legal forty-hour week universally, closing even banks, groceries, butcher shops and bakeries, as well as department stores, all day on Monday.

Urban middle-class householders and owners of family-operated shops and shops with one or two employees want a six-day week, even if the days are shortened. They are disposed to fight for it.

FOREIGN FLASHES

Rome—Outlawed from Italy early in Mussolini's dictatorship by the Roman salute, the ancient custom of hand-shaking—cherished secretly by anti-Fascists as a symbol of liberty—has become popular with Fascists in good standing who use it to express dissatisfaction with recent events. Characterizing them as "individuals . . . who fall back on captious criticism to justify their inorganic incapacity," Sec.-Gen. Achille Starace has warned hand-shakers that persistence in the degenerate habit may cost them their Party memberships.

* * *

Berlin—Hurling defiance at church organizations, and especially the Catholic Church, Reichsfuehrer Adolf Hitler used May day to remind Germans that he would not allow their "authority" to be "menaced from any quarter." He used veiled language in insisting that churches would not be molested "as long as they confine their activities to religious problems." As the main source of trouble between the Nazis and the Catholic Church hinges on the right to control the molding of youth, Hitler's insistence on accepting "full responsibility for the morals of our State and its people" only served to fan the flame.

* * *

Tientsin—Nine days this month are being celebrated by the Kuomintang (Nationalist Party) as National Humiliation days. They are anniversaries of the post-War transfer of Germany's Chinese possessions to Japan, of Japan's shelling of Tsinan and Shanghai, of the truces of Shanghai and Tangku, of the presentation of the Twenty-One Demands and of other "humiliations" at the hands of Japan.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRESH BREAD FROM MAGAZINE OVENS

New Baker's Dozen Ranges From Doughnuts to Cake

Literary Digest photo by Walter Engel

Politics . . . scandal . . . news . . . blood and thunder glare from the covers of over a dozen new magazines added to the confusing displays on the Nation's news-stands

A baker's dozen of new magazines last week were popping out of the oven and onto the nation's news-stands. From pocket-sized "*Saturday Evening Posts*" to photo-quarterlies almost in the book class, the assorted journalistic pastries were bursting with attempted yeastiness; most trying hard to get into the class of the twenty-five leaders among the country's 8,480 magazines. One, ironically, burned in the oven of bankruptcy proceedings.

Least likely to fail to rise was the pocket-size *American Cavalcade*, beautifully illustrated in color. With Thomas B. Costain, one-time Associate Editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*, as Editor, and a slick-paper frosting of Big Name writers for its 128 pages, readers at a quarter a copy get variety. Under *American Cavalcade's* color photograph of a Spanish *señorita* are short stories, articles (one by an American flier in the Italian Army), "camerana," reviews and "poetographies"—satirical parodies by Wallace Irwin on Margaret Sanger, Doctor Townsend, Leon Trotzky and John L. Lewis. Writers' names include William Hazlett Upson, Rupert Hughes, Lucian Cary, Leonard ("Steamer") Nason, Jack Dempsey, Gilbert Seldes, Albert Payson Terhune.

Another experienced publisher issued the 150,000 copies of *Popular Photography*. Lead article is on "Exciting Experiences of a Newspaper Photographer," written by Jack Price, who once was chief cameraman for the New York *World*, now runs a picture-agency, writes a column for other "photogs." Publisher William Ziff also owns *Popular Aviation* and holds the job of advertising representative for eighty Negro newspapers

Likewise picture-minded, three new photo-magazines appeared last week (and the monthly *Look*, zooming past the million-circulation mark, decided to come out every other week).

First new picture-magazine to hit the news-stands was *Pic*, which the venerable pulp-publishers, Street & Smith, brought out after their *Sports Pictorial* came a cropper last fall. *Pic* has the same Editor, twenty-eight-year-old Charles Payne, Yale Law School graduate.

Also roto is *Foto*, picture try of the Dell Publishing Company (Ballyhoo). *Foto* head-lines a murder-mystery, gives a page of corpses and only two cuts of half-nude Veronica Gedeon. *Foto's* Editor, West Peterson, had hundreds of nude photographs of the model that he had had taken for his *Inside Detective* and *Front Page Detective* magazines a year before.

Spain—*Photo-History*, the *Life*-size quarterly presents a sixty-eight-page, smartly modern story of the "War in Spain." Editor Richard Storrs Childs, Yale educated, is twenty-seven, uses his training as an economist, his experience as a writer for *The Nation* and *The New Republic* to dramatize with maps, New York *Times* headlines and photographs the background of the Loyalist cause.

Behind *Photo-History* are Associate Editors Ernest Galarza and Sidney Pollatsek, of Modern Age Books, Inc. They printed 100,000 copies, hope that at thirty-five cents each they'll get enough money back to work on issues depicting the history and outlook of American medicine, the story of labor's rise to C.I.O. power, the photo-history of the world's dictatorships.

Much more locally concerned with politics is *New York Politics*, published by a brace of lawyers, which hopes to start a new trend in magazines by riding on the crest of the coming Mayoralty election. Editor Roy Fielding, who used to be a Little Theater director, gives both Tammany and the Fusionists their say.

Similarly molded for a potential 20,000-class market, but a different one, is *Art Instruction*. Five years aborning, the slick-paper monthly presents articles, examples for students, illustrators and teachers. Coeditor Arthur L. Guptill strikes the key-note with "Technical Tricks from Artists' Studios."

Another magazine with pictures is the 50-cent *Uncle Sam's Gang Smashers* ("150 unretouched startling photos"), which tells the tales and illustrates "the G-Men's most sensational cases"—Dillinger, Karpis, "Pretty Boy" Floyd, "Baby-Face" Nelson, "Doc" Barker and "Machine-Gun" Kelly. Bleeding bodies, machine-guns, handcuffs, stalwart F.B.I.-sleuths and crying gun-molls adorn the pages of what the pulp-trade calls a "one-shot" (undated, with no promise of another issue).

Gang Smashers was edited by William J. Kostka, ex-Editor of Fawcett's *Modern Mechanix*, then Munsey's *Detective Fiction Weekly*, and Robert Haig, circulation manager for the Munsey magazines.

Another "one-shot" hit the stands with an overseas angle last week. *True Cases of Scotland Yard* was put together by handsome William Messenger, former General Manager of Fawcett Publications, after he got a letter from New York's Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine to London's Scotland Yard.

Sensations—Even more lurid blood, thunder and flesh shrieked at readers from the pages of *True*, Fawcett's new roto. With murders, confessions of burlesque strip-teasers and execution photographs, *True* makes truth more thrilling than most tabloid editors would dare. The cover photograph, a frightened girl, was made by Morgan Ryan. Last month, he sold Editor Wesley Winans Stout *The Saturday Evening Post's* first cover photograph.

Sensation, however, is left to others by Albert Shaw of *Review of Reviews*, whose editorial staff votes on each short story to be included within the bright-red covers of *Famous Stories*. It's a 10-cent pocket-size reprint of such stand-bys as Kipling, Mark Twain, Hawthorne and de Maupassant.

On the controversial side is *They Say*, whose lemon cover promises articles on sex prudery, drunken drivers, the Supreme Court (with a readers' postal debate) and muddled marriages.

Oddity—But the most unusual of all pocket-sizers is *Re-Vue*. Like an animated almanac, *Re-Vue*. is to appear this month at twenty-five cents a copy.

Editor and Publisher Fillmore Hyde has concocted facts, opinions, drawings, dates of events, entirely staff-written. His staff includes Hillis Clark, former Copy Editor of THE LITERARY DIGEST.

Last week, one warning to magazine-bakers was out of the oven: *New York Woman*, whose recipe last September attracted many an investor, had troubles.

Stanley Walker, who had seated himself in the Editor's chair on April 1, began to wonder if it really hadn't been April Fool's Day, and resigned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SQUAT ENGINE WITHOUT SPARK-PLUGS

Diesel Motor Saves Fuel, But Not for Motoring Public

Into an automotive world not unprepared for the announcement came news last week that General Motors Corporation immediately will erect a $2,000,000 plant in a Detroit suburb for the manufacture of Diesel engines. Reflecting a caginess typical of the industry, officials declined to state whether this development presaged the application of the economical, oil-burning Diesel engine to passenger-car use. Immediate output will be stationary engines and units for commercial vehicles.

No secret is the fact that leading motor-car makers have been experimenting with Diesels for months. Military aircraft designers have locked laboratory doors and pitched into a sweaty search for the perfect air-plane Diesel. Admirals have been plagued by revised naval tactics apparently made necessary by motor-driven war-ships. Mystery, plots and international intrigue color the background of this placid power-plant in a fashion to titillate a typical Oppenheim romancer.

Chief mystery is the fate of Dr. Rudolf Diesel himself. On the night of September 30, 1913, a tall, dignified, graying passenger boarded the Antwerp-Harwich packet-boat for the Channel crossing to England. He wore plain, gold-rimmed spectacles, carried a stuffed brief-case. His name, Rudolf Diesel, meant little outside of engineering circles.

He dined on the boat, was seen strolling about the deck. When the ship docked in the morning he did not disembark. A search of the ship revealed that he was not on board, that his bed had not been slept in. The paper-crammed brief-case was missing. Doctor Diesel apparently had fallen overboard and been drowned.

Mystery—Had he committed suicide? Had somebody pushed him overboard? Did his brief-case contain secret documents? Rumors flared, led nowhere. It was reported that Diesel had walked down the gang-plank disguised as a sailor. His family received a reassuring telegram bearing his name the day the ship docked. Europe was on the brink of War; Diesel had been supervising the installation of his engines in German submarines. Had he died because he knew too much? Had he fled to Canada to hide on a lonely ranch, as one widely published report had it?

Eventually a body was found floating in the Channel. It was identified as Diesel's by his son on the sole evidence of a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Official investigation of the mystery was dropped, leaving the "why" of the case unanswered.

To-day Rudolf Diesel could look upon the progress of his engine with pride. It is the thriving child of a depression he never lived to see. In 1932, less than 100,000 Diesel horse-power was sold in the United States. By 1934 this had jumped to 750,000 horse-power. Last year, the total was 2,100,000 horse-power.* The high-speed, small-capacity Diesel engine is one of the major products of the depression.

*New gasoline engines last year: 500,000,000 horse-power.

The early Diesel was a squat slug of an engine weighing 400 pounds a horse-power. The first working-model blasted Rudolf Diesel into a hospital and all but separated the inventor from his enthusiastic head. His first patent, in 1892, specified that his engine would run on pulverized coal injected by compressed air. In the forty years that have followed the Diesel has undergone amazing refinements, but the original principle never has changed: It is the most efficient internal combustion-engine yet devised.

Any motor-car owner knows that his engine draws an explosive mixture of gasoline vapor and air into a cylinder where it is electrically ignited by a spark-plug. The Diesel piston sucks pure air into its cylinder and squeezes it to a pressure of 500 pounds a square inch, generating heat of 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. Into this hot mass of compressed air, fuel is sprayed, igniting in the heat and smacking down on the piston-head. Thus, at one stroke, the Diesel eliminates spark-plugs, electrical distributer, batteries and carbureters.

A Diesel engine requires only half the fuel of a comparable gasoline motor. The fuel costs about one-half as much as gasoline. Hence the alluring picture of Diesel pleasure-cars which will refund seventy-five cents out of each gasoline dollar.

Costs—Sadly, this attractive picture is punctured by the elementary mathematics furnished by one Diesel manufacturer. To-day a Diesel engine will add $500 to the cost of a medium-priced car. The average motorist consumes eight gallons of gasoline a week, costing about $1.50. A Diesel would cut the fuel bill in half, but it would take ten years, figuring a fuel saving of $1 a week, to return the original cost of the motor and the life of a pleasure-car is between eight and nine years. Moreover, compared to the 100-horse-power small-car motors to which manufacturers have educated the American public, the Diesel is noisy, smelly, inflexible. It does not lend itself to mass-production methods because the delicate mechanism which injects fuel into Diesel cylinders must be built with the precision of a fine watch.

Commercial vehicles are a different story. Trucks are kept operating almost constantly, rolling up immense mileage, consuming staggering quantities of fuel. Here the higher first cost of a Diesel engine is swiftly compensated for by fuel-savings. In the four years since the first Diesel engines were installed in trucks in this country, some 2,500 commercial Diesel vehicles have taken to the road. At least two Pacific Coast owners operate fleets of 100 or more Diesel trucks. Thirteen companies in Los Angeles operating Diesel fleets rolled up 1,600,000 miles in one month, saving $69,000 in fuel-bills.

Recently, Diesel trucks have begun to invade the East. Previously this territory was closed to them because of short hauls, city traffic. Experiment proved that much of an Eastern truck's time is spent waiting for traffic-signals to change and a Diesel is just as economical at idling speeds as when highballing along the highways. It is true that the Diesel has yet to prove itself in the light-truck field, but in recent weeks the Diamond T Company has announced a small Diesel truck selling for $2,100, blazing the way in a new field.

Taxation—Part of the economy of Diesel fuel is premised upon an assumed *laissez-faire* attitude of tax-levyers which obviously is untenable. The spread between gasoline and fuel-oil prices would not be so impressive if Diesel oil carried the same tax burden as gasoline. Already, Diesel trucks are making the tax authorities fretful. Diesel fuel virtually is the same as that used in domestic oil-heating plants, so a flat gallonage tax would catch ninety-nine home-owners to one Diesel driver.

At present, two-thirds of the States have legislation of some sort levying specialized Diesel taxes, either on the fuel or

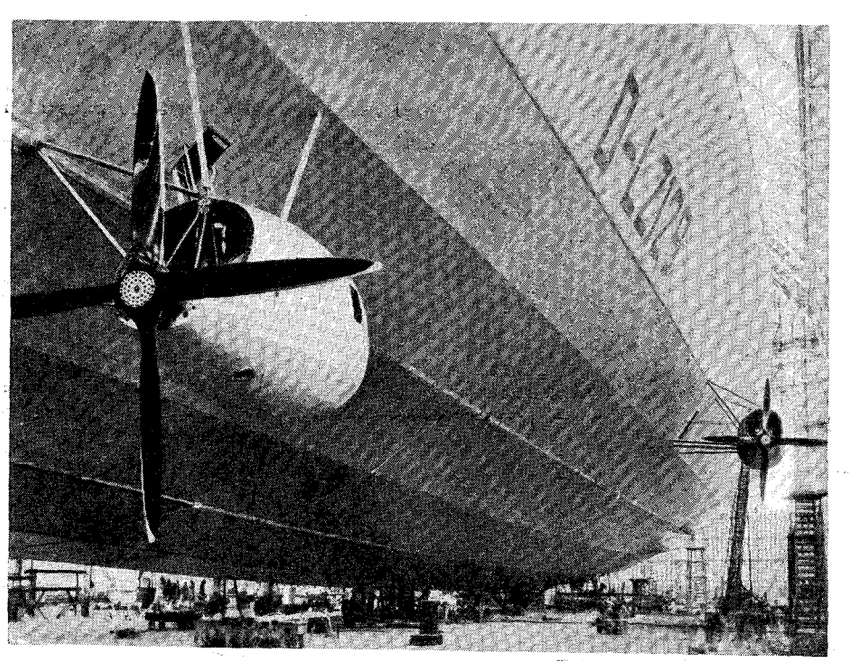
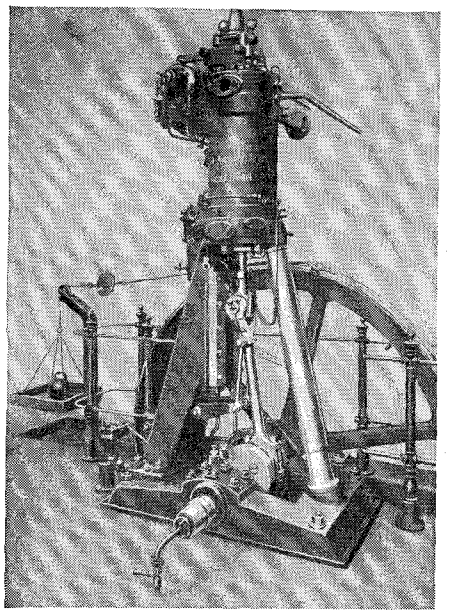


Photo courtesy Deutsche Zeppelin Reederei

A two-day Atlantic voyage on the Hindenburg is made under the power of four thundering Diesel engines

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Courtesy German Railroads Information Office

In 1897 the first Diesel engine, cumbersome, impractical, paved the way for . . .

by special license-fees. New York State makes each Diesel operator a motor-vehicle fuel distributer, requires that he report directly to the Tax Commission just as gasoline wholesalers do.

In one Diesel application alone can America claim preeminence: the industrial application of stationary Diesels. In 1936, the biggest market was the installation of private electric-power plants. Diesel-driven generators provide factories with electric power at a rate often cheaper than that of the public utilities, use the exhaust-gases of the engine to warm the plant in winter. Such Diesel installations are figured to return their cost in two and a half years.

Shipping—In the starkly efficient field of naval warfare, the Diesel has thrown time-tried axioms of strategists and engineers out the port-hole, or so enthusiasts assert. Ardent Dieselists believe that the world's fighting-ships inevitably must Dieselize for one grim reason: cruising range. A ship must carry her own fuel. A Diesel cruiser has a round-trip radius 50 per cent. greater than a steam-driven ship, a compelling advantage in war. Moreover, the Diesel craft are fast. The German pocket-cruisers, driven by eight Diesels connected to geared shafts with hydraulic couplings, spread alarm in various chancelleries by their swift maneuverability, long cruising-range.

Most thoroughly Dieselized of all is the Japanese Navy. The Japanese, pondering on the dimensions of the Pacific, are notable realists. Their Diesels give them essential cruising-range. They have Diesel tankers capable of eighteen knots calling at California ports. American tankers do between eleven and twelve knots. To the assertion that twelve knots is fast enough for any tanker, the Dieselist retorts that no war-fleet is faster than its supply-ships.

The United States has shown a preference for steamships somewhat contrary to world trends. During the past decade, Japan built six motor-ships to one steamer; Great Britain, two to one; Germany, one and one-half to one; Italy, three to one; Sweden, fifty-nine motor-ships, no steamers; the United States, one motor-ship to three steamships. Steam, admittedly, has been forced to higher efficiency by Diesel competition. In the past fifteen years, the space required for the propelling machinery of a steamship for a given speed has been reduced by half, boiler efficiencies have been stepped up as high as 90 per cent. Steam efficiency increases with the size of the power-plant. This is not true of Diesels, which have a flat efficiency-curve.

Aviation—Europe, looking nervously at Spain and arming frantically for the next war, grasps at the Diesel as a vital weapon in the air as well as on the sea. Theoretically, a Diesel bombing-plane can fly twice as far on the same fuel-load, or carry an increased load of bombs over a given distance. The chief problem on high-speed Diesels is the fuel-injection mechanism. A precisely metered quantity of fuel must be forced into successive cylinders at thousandths-of-a-second intervals against tremendous pressures.

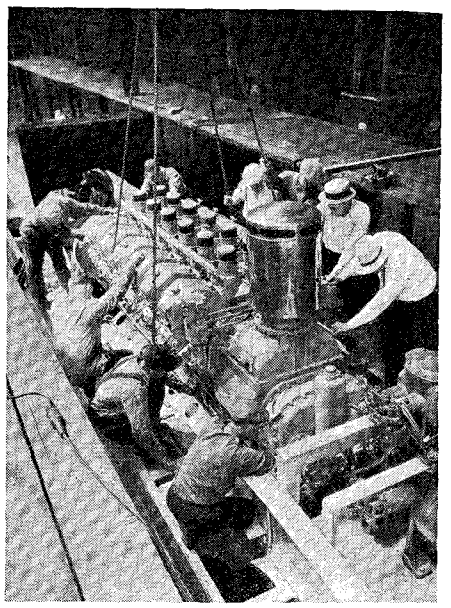
Germany has achieved the greatest success with its Junkers-Jumo motor delivering 1,000 horse-power on a weight of 1.40 pounds a horse-power. Commercial planes, largely used in freight-transport, have flown 2,500,000 miles with these motors helping to iron out the "bugs." Military planes have added many more miles, but accurate information on their structure is guarded carefully.

Secret, too, are the experiments with aviation Diesels conducted by our own Army Air Corps. An influential body of opinion maintains that gasoline motors always will remain superior to Diesels for aviation use in the class under 2,000 horse-power. During the past two years, gasoline engines rapidly have closed the fuel-efficiency gap which has favored the Diesel.

Significant of the Diesel furor is the 10,000,000-franc prize offered by the French Air Ministry for the Diesel-engined plane of French manufacture which shatters the world's non-stop non-refueling record for 10,000 kilometers (6,200 miles). France has developed the C.L.M. aviation Diesel engine and two are being installed in a Bernard 82 long-range bomber. Italy is experimenting with the Fiat Diesel. Britain's ventures in the field are well-guarded.

This year, the German Dornier Do 20 will be ready for service, powered by eight Diesel motors, ranging 3,000 miles at a top speed of 180 m.p.h.

Rails—Tops in promoting Diesel-consciousness in the American citizen are the stream-lined trains whose articulated anatomies began scurrying about the country a couple of years ago.



Acme

To-day's 12-cylinder motors capable of hauling long stream-lined trains at high speeds

Science and Medicine

SWEETS FOR TIPPLERS:

New Study of Alcoholism Shows Sugar Cuts Drunkenness

Earnest tipplers have long known that it requires more alcohol to produce a given end-result after a heavy meal. Competitive drinkers have swigged olive-oil, eaten fats to minimize inebriation. Now it seems that they might do better to eat a pound of candy. Last week, before the National Academy of Sciences, Dr. Howard W. Haggard and Dr. Leon A. Greenberg of Yale University reported their discovery of a hitherto unrecognized factor in alcoholism: the increase of sugar in the blood* after a heavy meal greatly lessens the intoxicating effect of alcohol.

The two experimenters don't know why this should be true, but believe that sugar exerts some modifying effect on the combustion of alcohol in the tissues. They were led to investigation by observing that diabetics who took a tipple, and simultaneously neglected their regular shots of insulin to keep the sugar content of their blood normal, exhibited a partial immunity to drunkenness. The clues led to the discovery that high sugar content in the blood decreases the effects of alcohol.

No Cure—It isn't to be inferred that sugar will cure alcoholism. There isn't any fool-proof cure; even the diagnosis of alcoholism is debated, doctors disagreeing as to just when the patient crosses the borderline from so-called normal drinking. The most satisfactory rule of thumb was devised by Richard Peabody, originator of a psychotherapeutic cure for alcoholism, who stated that a drinker becomes an alcoholic the first time he takes a before-breakfast drink as a pick-me-up. Normal drinkers are physically repelled by the notion of a drink the morning after the night before.

Weird and wonderful are many of the tests for drunkenness. A good many home-blown tests are still in fair unofficial standing. Perhaps the most expedient was the famous old rule of the House of Lords that a man isn't drunk as long as he can stand up. Then there are the tongue-twisters such as "she sells sea-shells by the seashore." Walking a chalk-line is favored by some alcohol assayers, standing with eyes closed and feet closed together by others.

Blood Test—None of these measures, however, has the slightest standing among scientists, who have devised carefully calibrated methods for distinguishing the snifter from the tankful. The blood test

*Doctor Haggard discovered that smoking two or three cigarettes increased the sugar content of the blood slightly, found his results accepted eagerly by cigarette-makers who advertise their product as an energy source.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for drunkenness is the most common. A bit of blood is needled from the suspect and analyzed for alcohol. If it contains two-tenths of one per cent. (which works out to something less than a pint of alcohol in the average circulatory system) the patient is adjudged drunk. If his blood shows five parts of alcohol per thousand, he is dead drunk. If it shows six parts, he is just dead.*

Lawyers often shout "third degree" when drunken clients are subjected to blood tests. But there are other criteria used by police, involving no physical affront. New York police put a suspected inebriate through a sobering rigmarole, examine his eyes and ears, study his past record for possible precedent, fling questions at him, watch his manner of walking, and wind up with a mental test.

Balloon—Blowing into a balloon is another method of sequestering a lungful of evidence. The culprit's breath is captured in the balloon, tested with potassium bichromate.

If it changes from yellow to green, the patient was drunk; the greener the green, the drunker the subject.

A similar portable analyzing device was recently patented by Dr. Rolla N. Harger of the Indiana University Medical School. It provides a quick alcoholic-breath test, based on the principle that 2,000 parts of breath contain the same amount of alcohol as one part of blood.

Doctor Harger's gin gadget uses three test-tubes, a mask, and a hand-pump for forcing the subject's exhaled breath from test-tube to test-tube. The first tube contains chemicals which change the breath from orchid to brown when a given amount of alcohol is absorbed; then it goes to a middle tube where moisture is extracted, and in the third tube carbon dioxid is absorbed. Since carbon dioxid constitutes 5½ per cent. of the exhaled breath, quantities can be determined by a little arithmetic and an alcohol diagnosis arrived at.

Treatment—What bothers most alcoholics, however, is not the diagnosis but the cure. It is estimated that there are 500,000 chronic alcoholics in the United States. A thousand alcoholics a month are run through New York's Bellevue Hospital alone. By and large, about half of those who take one or another of the reputable medical treatments are cured. To a considerable extent, alcoholism is a mental problem.

People with satisfactory adjustment to reality are rarely alcoholic. They frequently drink, sometimes heavily, but can always control their imbibing, stop short at obvious danger-signals.

A chemically-disordered brain is the cause of alcoholism, in the opinion of Dr. E. S. Cowles, New York specialist. Reduction of pressure within the cranium, he believes, relieves the patient of a desire to drink. This pressure is relieved by tapping the spinal-fluid and restoring the normal content of albumen and globulin thereto.

Rest cures and "boiling-out" processes seem recently to have become scientifically suspect. Dr. Thorne M. Carpenter of the Nutrition Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution in Washington conducted extensive research into what happens to alcohol in the body, found that it apparently is converted into some other substance which can be stored or used. Exercise, he found, was practically useless in speeding the sobering-up process.

Muscular effort works off no alcohol except a slight amount vaporized through the breath.

Neither can alcohol be sloshed out of the body by drinking copious quantities of water, Doctor Carpenter discovered. Gallons of water would have to be taken immediately after the alcohol to produce any benefit.

Keeley Cure—Most famous treatment for alcoholism was the old Keeley Cure, devised by Dr. Leslie Keeley. After the War Between the States he settled down in Dwight, Illinois, to practise medicine, opened his alcoholic sanatorium in 1880. Keeley's cure consisted of a secret preparation which he asserted contained bichlorid of gold. If administered properly, Keeley contended, his medicine would cure 95 per cent. of all cases without injurious effect.

The "gold cure" was so popularly successful that Keeley formed a company, established similar sanatoriums in strategic areas of the country. Apparently his treatment cured many cases of inebriety, but effects were not always permanent. The fact that patients were forced to rest and were denied access to alcohol probably explained a good many reported benefits.

*The brain and spinal fluid of every person killed in an accident are analyzed by the Toxicological Laboratory in New York City. The victim is known to have been intoxicated if analysis shows as much as .25 per cent. alcoholic content.

ASTRONOMICAL GIANT:

Tube for Largest Telescope Is Tall as Five-Story Building

Ceremoniously, last week, 200 astronomers, technical experts and gentlemen of the press watched the last bolt driven home in a gaunt Gargantuan cylinder which looked like a Buck Rogers contraption for rocketing to the moon.

The spider-web steel tube, tall as a five-story building, loomed on the floor of the Westinghouse works at South Philadelphia, struck awe into the souls of imaginative observers who saw it, not as a lifeless thing of metal, but as a living tool which would probe into mysteries hidden from man since life first crawled in primeval ooze.

The tube is a seventy-five-ton frame which will hold the 200-inch mirror of the world's largest telescope. Soon it will leave by boat for California, where experts are grinding the seventeen-foot lens at Pasadena, and in due time will be installed atop Mount Palomar. Yet to be completed is the mounting for the huge polar axis, shaped like a horseshoe, with arms on which the tube rides as the telescope follows the westward swing of the stars. When assembled the telescope will be seventy-five feet tall, and drawing a bead on a star with it will be much like aiming a seven-story building.

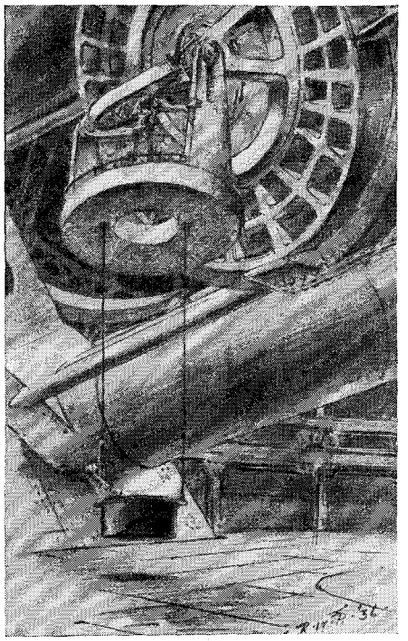
Precision—Observers will ride on top of the tube in a twenty-two-foot cage with a twelve-foot ceiling. The cage is large enough to accommodate twelve bridge games and a kibitzer. The diameter of the tube is about the same as the width of a three-lane highway. Westinghouse engineers had to work with the precision of fine watchmakers, for astronomers get rattled if telescopes warp, vibrate, or otherwise confound their calculations.

The horseshoe bearings rest on pads to which oil is pumped under 250 pounds pressure. So nearly is friction eliminated that

Photos by Kitrosser from Pictures, Inc.

An old rule from the House of Lords holds that a man isn't drunk as long as he can stand up, but others insist he must be able to . . . balance a bottle on one finger . . . keep an egg on a plate 35 seconds . . . tell time at a glance . . . know which key is which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co.

Observers will ride in an elevator to the base of the world's largest telescope

the 500-ton telescope can be swung by 1-165,000th of a horse-power, about the effort exerted by a lusty bumblebee.

A special ship from Norway, designed for carrying freight-cars, will transport the telescope sections to California.

Facts—Cosmic oddities: The 200-inch mirror will see nearly four times as far as the largest telescope now in existence, the 100-inch Hooker telescope at Mount Wilson Observatory.

It will catch 800,000 times as much light as the human eye, but will not magnify any more than existing telescopes. Its light-capturing power will enable it to photograph faint objects much farther away.

Astronomers have estimated that the entire universe can not be more than 6,000,000,000 light-years in diameter. If this is true, the earth is near the middle of it, the 200-inch telescope will be able to see a little more than a third of the way through.

The telescope's range of vision is approximately 1,200,000,000 light-years. In different terms, this amounts to 7,200,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles (seventy-two followed by twenty ciphers). Cost of the instrument: $6,000,000.

BETTER BABIES: Trend in America Is Not to More, But to Healthier Infants

While Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini vigorously campaign for more babies, America is quietly going about the business of growing better ones.

In Jamestown, New York, mothers reported on initial efforts of the American First Twin Study Club, a group devoted to the study of the health, mental and physical development of twin children.

In New York City, the Maternity Center Association opened an instruction-center for expectant mothers—and fathers. Using human-jointed dolls, young women learned how to lift a baby from the bath; young men learned how not to pin the coming baby to his pants.

Meanwhile, the Catholic Youth Organization, under the direction of Dr. F. X. Sansone and a staff of trained nurses, gave to girls of twelve to sixteen lessons in pediatrics in which baby brothers and sisters served as models, got a good scrubbing and feeding in payment.

While in other cities, small towns and farms of the country, mothers read Government bulletins* on scientific care of the child, eminent baby doctors agreed that 1937 marked a turning-point toward a new liberalization of the dicta surrounding pediatrics. To-day, infants eat solids such as bananas, get an even greater variety of vitamin D from oil, vitamin C from tomato- and orange-juice, while doctors look with favor toward the proteins upon which they once frowned.

Nor does the mother who fails to feed her child on schedule receive stern rebuke. While advising approximate regularity, modern doctors do not believe in making a slave of either child or mother. Even a half-hour, one way or the other, does not matter.

Protection — Stern, however, are rules against exposing infants to infection. In most hospitals, nurseries are closed to all outsiders; even the father may not see his new child unless he dons mask and gown, scrubs his hands thoroughly before poking a tentative finger into the infant's mouth.

Last year the outdoor movement grew in pediatricians' favor; most doctors continued urging mothers to dress children lightly, give them the benefit of the sun's rays. Also, there was increased interest in treatment of the sense-organs, checking up on sight, hearing and sense of smell at regular intervals.

Teethers—The year 1937 marks a trend away from rigidity of disciplining children, presents to teething infants Doctor Allen's teether, a three-pronged rubber affair which can't be swallowed, yet can be placed far into the oral cavity for a workout on back teeth.

This popular baby-gadget is indicative of a scientific approach to designing of *His Lordship's* possessions. Most fashionable of wearing-apparel accessories are his new *Bo-Peep* cuffs made of plastecel and tied to his wrists to prevent him from sucking his fingers and developing "air-cooled" teeth. Also smart and practical is a new harness in which he can be roped to his bed, yet have perfect freedom to toss about. For children of high-chair age, a chromium-plated hot-water plate keeps food hot for dawdlers.

Most useful of all wearing apparel, of course, are baby's diapers, one brand of which describes itself as "Tossaway." Introduced in January, costing from fifty to sixty cents for small and large sizes, twenty-five to a box, Tossaways are similar in material and construction to women's sanitary pads. Diapex, made of medicated cellulose, has supplied its brand of diapers to leading hospitals for the past five years. Chux is another concern of this kind.

Diaper Service—For those who insist on the old-fashioned washable diaper, laundry services have developed schedules in New York on which diapers of 5,000 babies are picked up three times each week.

*At irregular intervals, the United States Children's Bureau puts out at prices below regular costs books and bulletins for the benefit of mothers. Last two book-sized were "Infant Care" and "The Child from Three to Six."

Acme

New York's Maternity Center Association trains expectant fathers to pin the baby's pants

Service is indeed the order of the day, the Mothers' Milk Bureau having served more than 500 babies in New York last year. Milk is obtained from mothers who have milk to spare after feeding their own babies. After tests of them for venereal diseases, an X-raying of heart and lungs, trained nurses take their milk through manual-expression, have it tested twice a month for bacterial counts and chemical analysis.

For their milk, donors get thirteen cents an ounce and car-fare to the hospitals. *Via* doctors and hospitals, the milk goes to premature children with feeding problems. It must be prescribed.

Frozen Milk—Most recent development in baby's milk distribution is quick freezing, which makes possible the shipment of milk by car, train and plane to babies far from cities and hospitals.

Long established services for babies are day-nurseries throughout the country, ranging from those which provide private nurses and every mechanical luxury to those which herd together the babies of unemployed mothers looking for work. The last word in modernity, however, is the Western Union service. In almost any town in America, a mother may pick up her phone, ask for a boy to wheel the baby, sit with him in the sun, perform the function of a watch-dog.

"LADY EDISON": Woman Inventor With Fifty-Two Patents Ascribes Success to "Inner Vision"

Beulah Louise Henry, North Carolina descendant of Patrick Henry, has fifty-two active inventions to her credit at the United States Patent Office in Washington. And she is a victim of *synesthesia.*

What is *synesthesia?* It is color-hearing with shape and form. *Synesthesiatics* (about 5 per cent. of the population of the United States) envision a specific color for each tone of the scale. The color then takes an outline, which the mind fills in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN YOU'VE WORKED AND SAVED FOR

A Home of Your Own

DON'T LET "CHEAP" PAINT SPOIL IT

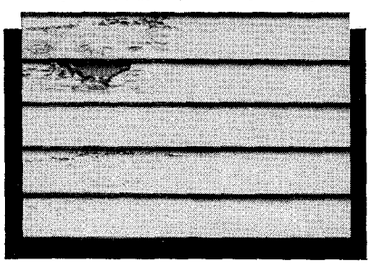
THINK of all the things you've gone without so you might buy your home. It means so much to you . . . don't let it be spoiled by "cheap" paint.

For "cheap" paint *can* spoil a home. If you doubt it, look at the left side of the photograph. See how the paint has cracked and scaled, leaving the wood exposed.

As the weather gets in its work, all the expected savings of the "cheap" paint job fade away. Not only must you repaint in a short time, but pay for two *extra* items (1) the burning off of the old paint, and (2) the new priming coat which this makes necessary.

Dutch Boy, on the other hand, does not crack and scale. It resists the weather . . . wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface, an ideal foundation for new paint. That's why the experienced painter uses Dutch Boy White-Lead.

"Cheap" Paint Side | *Dutch Boy Side*



Double House Shows Up "Cheap" Paint

Here's what happened when the owner of one side of a double house used "cheap" paint and the owner of the other, Dutch Boy. Both jobs are two years old. The "cheap" paint job cost $16 less in the beginning. Now this owner must pay out $160—for burning off scaling paint, applying new priming coat, and repainting.

He mixes it to meet the requirements of your job and tints it to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

* * *

The Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan is available if you prefer to pay for your painting in monthly installments. Check coupon below for full information. But regardless of whether you are interested in this plan, send the coupon anyway for a free copy of the illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In". Tells how to get your biggest money's worth when buying a paint job. Write Department 270 in care of the nearest branch.

DUTCH BOY WHITE LEAD

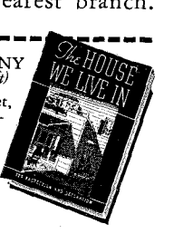
GOOD PAINTS OTHER NAME

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY, 111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 West Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Dept. 270, *(See list of branches at left)*

Please send me your free booklet, "The House We Live In", containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.

☐ Please include description of Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.



Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and transforms into an object. It's all very simple.

As simple as being an inventor. All one needs, says Miss Henry, is time, space and freedom. She just looks at the ceiling, a bill-board across the street, and, lo and behold! there is her invention, three-dimensional, wheels whirring and everything.

"I know less than nothing about the laws of physics, mechanics or chemistry," she protests, "and the only technical term I can remember is *periphery*, which I think means the circumference of a thing."

The National Cash Register Company disagrees about what Miss Henry knows. A fortnight ago, they called her in, showed her an adding-machine, begged her to make it write like a typewriter. She did. And when they asked her how she had managed it, she replied that it must have been an "inner vision."

Child's Gift—Ever since she was a small child, Miss Henry has had this gift of inner vision. It worried her mother a great deal at first. Her inability to draw anything but rough sketches in childish, wabbly lines, plus a lack of knowledge of the subject of mechanics, made it difficult for any one to understand what she meant.

It became obvious, however, that the young girl intended to persevere until some one could interpret her synalgic visions into concrete objects. Now, everything is easy. She has a large laboratory, a staff of mechanics who are thoroughly familiar with her lay descriptions of scientific terms. Her small headquarters in New York, at the Hotel Victoria, is a miracle of compactness.

In addition to including a model of every patent she has taken out, Miss Henry has a complete set of Stoddard's lectures, "Books of Knowledge" and "Harvard Classics." She is an avid reader of literature, but does not like science or history. A collapsible table hides under the bed, and from a little pigeon-hole in the wall an electric grill pops out when she is ready to indulge in her hobby of making puffy buttermilk biscuit on a moment's notice.

Prolific Inventress—The Patent Office in Washington says Miss Henry is the most prolific woman inventor they ever have had dealings with. Among her practical, profitable and peculiar creations is the Protograph, an attachment for a typewriter which makes an original and four copies of a letter or record without carbon paper; a lock-stitch, bobbinless sewing-machine; a doll with an inner-tube body "acting" like a real child, winking and waving its arms; a sealing-device for inflatable bodies; a vacuum ice-cream freezer (this was her first patented invention at fifteen), a bath-sponge that "takes the cake." She first had to invent a machine to cut the sponges, so the soap could be placed inside and snapped in. The suds ooze through and lather the body.

She is working on a silent typewriter. She is rounding out the details of a new alinement device which keeps papers from slipping when long records are copied in triplicate or more. For this invention she used the principle of a little Swiss music-box in the top of a powder-jar a friend gave her last Christmas. By putting a row of tiny pins around the edge of a regular typewriter-roller, the papers are held in place and the perforations are invisible. Sometimes Miss Henry—they call her "Lady Edison"—takes out as many as nine patents on one invention, thus closing all avenues of approach.

The rate at which patents are issued in the United States is higher than in any European country. Even during the depression, there were more than fifty group patents which earned $1,000,000, and thousands of others which brought their owners bulging royalties.

The Inventors' Foundation, a philanthropic organization, has established courses in training for inventors in leading universities, also for teaching by correspondence. Inexperienced inventors can be taught by experts how to study the patent field and find out just what new inventions are most needed.

Wifely Hunch—The first patent ever granted to an American was on a woman's idea. The patent appeared in the name of "Thomas Masters, planter, of Pennsylvania, for a new invention for cleaning and curing Indian corn found out by Sybille, his wife."

Not all the patents in those days were as useful. Among the most notorious "fake" patents actually taken out between 1796 and 1897 was a metallic "pain reliever" which sold for $25; a "tapeworm-trap;" a "dimple-making device;" and an "Oxydonor" or small contraption guaranteed to fill the body with oxygen merely by putting the skin in contact with the object.

Six years ago, Congress passed a special act to encourage the invention of new plants, fruits, flowers and trees; to-day there are more than 200 plant-patents on record. Among these are patents for "dahlias that will not fade," "thornless roses," giant pansies with two- to four-foot stems and black lilies. It costs $30 to file an application for a plant-patent and $30 more when the patent is granted.

Women have figured more largely than men in the invention of unusual things. Ethel Gottlieb patented ventilated spectacles; Lucy Billingsly Hudson, of Tennessee, a cuspidor for automobiles; Ruby Chilas, a reversible frying-pan, and only a few weeks ago, Marjorie Ross, of Long Beach, California, got a patent on a piano-teaching apparatus with adjustable bars to be set up in front of the pupil; scale adjusted at will, with movable notes.

© Bachrach

Miss Beulah Henry, "Lady Edison" . . . fifty-two patents confirm her ability as an inventor

Two Bits—Mr. and Mrs. Conant Waits, of Beverly Hills, California, have just obtained a patent on a door-bell designed to foil door-bell-pushers. The buzzer is there, but it can not be worked with the thumb. A quarter must be put in a slot before the bell rings. As the coin slides down, it establishes electrical contact, causing the bell inside the house to tinkle. The money lands in a box on the inside of the house. If the caller is a tramp, salesman, beggar or prankster, the Waits keep the money; if a friend, the money is returned.

Before the War Between the States, fewer than six patents a year were granted to women. During the War and the years immediately after, more than 100 were granted.

The yearly average following the World War, for 1918, '19, '20 and '21, which constitute four of the ten years chosen for general survey, is nearly 34 per cent. higher than the yearly average for six selected pre-War years.

New Gains—In the last few decades, woman has asserted her rights, breaking down almost all of the conventions which bound her, in the opinion of Joseph Rossman, Assistant Examiner in the Patent Office.

"The reason there have been so few eminent women, not alone inventors," he says, "is due to a former lack of opportunity. The pressure of social conventions and the erroneous notion that woman's place is in the home, have almost extinguished the spark of creativeness in her."

Statistics show, however, that the number of eminent women is increasing steadily: 24.5 per cent. of the total number of distinguished women of history lived in the eighteenth century, 38.5 per cent. in the nineteenth, and the figure estimated so far for the twentieth century comes close to a 50 per cent. all-time high.

Crime

"FINEST" FINER: Police Not Resting on Night-Sticks—They Go to School, Too

Time-worn prescription for *John Law:* Mix together 200 pounds of muscle, bone and fat. Provide with an Irish brogue, night-stick, revolver and Police Manual.

Unfortunately for criminals in larger American cities, this formula for making policemen is outmoded. Fortunately for the higher type of aspirant, the winning of his shield now indicates greater virtues than a pull with a ward-heeler.

In fact, the perfect policeman of the future, said Capt. Hugh M. Dougherty of Kansas City's Finest a few days ago, must be an accomplished speaker, able and willing to harangue an audience on any subject. "After all, being a policeman is just like being in business," Captain Dougherty said. "A business man has to sell himself to his patrons. A police officer must do likewise. . . ."

To-day's standards to be met by a would-be New York policeman are stiff. Aside from physical requirements, including a weight-minimum of 140 pounds,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

height of five feet eight, age between twenty-one and twenty-nine, he must be able to pass a Civil Service examination in government, arithmetic and memory.

Questions—Altho the test is not as difficult as those he faces when seeking promotion, it does require an ability to reason. A typical arithmetic question: Three patrolmen rent a summer cottage for $792 for the season. How much should each pay if the first occupies the cottage five weeks, the second four weeks and the third three weeks?

The memory-test is less simple. The candidate receives a description of a crime and has to answer questions about it after ten-minutes' study. Questions on government and elementary duty require much special knowledge. For example: In what court would a case of marriage-annulment be tried? If a boy of fourteen stole $50 worth of lead pipe from a yard at 8 A. M., of what would he be accused? Would the charge be different if the value of the pipe were $200 instead of $50?

A crime description received by a prospective patrolman is packed with details loved by readers of detective fiction. An example:

At 9:30 P.M., *Patrolman Brown* discovered a black, five-passenger Studebaker sedan, license number C 5545, in a vacant lot on the north side of Seventh Street. In it was a blood-stained soft-felt hat, size seven and three-eighths, made by the Stetson Hat Company. Altho the hat was not cut, the end of the jack-handle was also blood-stained.

Joseph Petrone, janitor of an apartment-house at 273 Seventh Street, said the car had been left in the lot opposite his apartment house less than an hour before *Patrolman Brown's* investigation. He had seen two men getting out of the Studebaker, apparently in a hurry. One had hailed a Yellow Cab at the corner. One of the men was thick-set, of medium height and wore dark clothes which might have been evening clothes. The other man, smaller than his companion, wore a gray overcoat and a black derby hat.

From a study of this information, a prospective policeman has to answer the following questions:

(1) Give the name of the patrolman who discovered the car and time and place at which he made his investigation.

(2) Describe the make and size of the hat found inside the car.

(3) Can any conclusion be drawn from the fact that, tho both hat and jack-handle were blood-stained, the blood on the jack had not come through the otherwise undamaged hat?

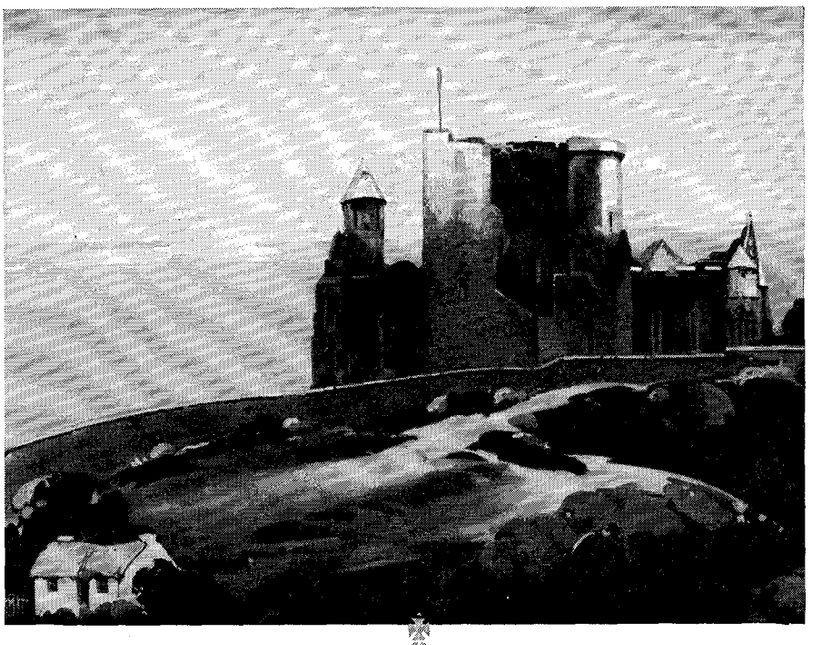
(4) Give the name and address of the man who saw the abandonment of the car.

(5) What were his observations?

Altho a candidate may pass physical and civil examinations, he has yet to surmount a six months' probationary period. He must take a three months' course in the Recruits' Training School of the New York Police Academy, then serve three months in actual police work before becoming a guardian of the peace.

The former journalists, bookkeepers, milkmen, plumbers and lawyers who comprised the 199 recruits who were graduated from the Police Academy received the following training:

Studies—For three hours each day they drilled, boxed and tried on one another the tricks of *ju-jutsu.* One day each week



This Year of all Years IN Great Britain & Ireland

CORONATION YEAR—Your chance of a lifetime to enjoy the thrill and glamour of a great kingdom aglow with Post-Coronation gaieties. Pageants, sports, processions and world-famous events. Every city and village in the realm in festive array, and all within easy, economical reach of London.

ENGLAND—You must not miss the historic monuments, its picturesque countryside and villages; the great Cathedral Cities of Canterbury and York, Durham and Chester; the ageless Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; the lovely West Country, Devon and Cornwall, Shakespeare's home town of Stratford-on-Avon—the Lake District, beloved of English poets. You must also go to the South Coast—to the famous resorts of Brighton and Bournemouth.

SCOTLAND—You can speed North from London to the contrasting beauties of Scotland on the famous "Flying Scotsman" or by the "Royal Scot"—crack flyers with an international reputation. Thrill to the skirl of pipes in Edinburgh—golf at St. Andrews and Gleneagles—re-live the brave tales of Scott and Stevenson in the Scottish Highlands.

IRELAND—There, too, you will find a historic country of incredible beauty and charm; your trip will be incomplete unless you visit that gracious island which offers you open-hearted hospitality and the finest of sport.

And you can travel to the Continent and have a choice of 18 different routes including those through the famous ports of Dover and Harwich, or sleep your way between London and Paris by the new Train Ferry service.

For itineraries, literature, maps, etc., write Department 406
T. R. DESTER, General Traffic Manager, 551 Fifth Ave., New York. L. T. Jones, Middle West Representative, 333 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., J. D. Cameron, Pacific Coast Representative, 412 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, or your own Tourist Agent

ASSOCIATED
BRITISH & IRISH RAILWAYS
INCORPORATED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they covered assignments at precinct, patrol and traffic duty. In classrooms they studied government and civics, the make-up of State, county and city administrations, penal law with the classification of crimes, the Code of Ordinances of the city, how to make an arrest, make out a summons, how to proceed in court, use firearms, what to do in case of fire. By precept, rather than trial and error at public expense, recruits learned how to handle situations which would confront them when they pounded a beat. Along with schooling under instruction goes home work. Nor is application to it taken for granted. Fifteen minutes each morning during the training-period is devoted to a quiz which brings diligence to light or exposes an indifferent pupil. Saturday forenoons are devoted to written and oral tests. Here are questions incipient police must answer:

What is meant by the term "dangerous driving" and what does it include as provided for under the provisions of the Uniform Traffic Code of the City of New York?

Acme

How to become a policeman . . . rookies demonstrate ju-jutsu technique, a small part of the long string of accomplishments that aspiring cops must have

You are assigned to the precinct in a congested district of the city. Within its boundaries there is a foreign settlement and a number of factories. What police problems would you expect to meet and how would you proceed to do effective police work?

X, armed with a revolver, attempted to rob *B*, who wrested the revolver from him. *X* ran away, pursued by *B*, who was outdistanced. *B* fired at *X*, killing him. Was this killing justifiable? Cite the provisions of the law applicable. Would your answer be the same if *B* was a policeman?

Discuss the value of the following applied to police work: (a) use of silver-nitrate in the development of latent finger-prints; (b) blood-grouping; (c) ultraviolet-ray.

Briefly describe the set-up of (a) Federal police agencies; (b) State police; (c) New York City Police Department.

Sleuths—After passing this stiff examination, the recruit may receive his permanent appointment as a patrolman. But to advance into plain-clothes work, he must attend the School of Detectives. Lectures of this course take up three afternoons a week from September to June. They cover such practical subjects as finger-printing, sketching and photographing the scene of a crime, identifying an individual, tracing a fugitive, the value of hair, dirt, skin and all things which are out of place in the eyes of a *Philo Vance*.

Concluding the course, the detective faces a highly technical examination. He must tell how to cast a footprint, describe the important points of a footprint in relating it to a shoe; he must consider such problems as the following:

Mr. B occupied a furnished room with his wife at 6206 Clymerer Street. He worked daily at an industrial plant within walking distance of his home.

Returning to his home on a Monday evening at 5:30 o'clock, as he proceeded along the first-floor landing of the house in which he lived, he was intercepted by *Mr. X*, who shot and seriously wounded him. *B* was removed to a hospital. *X* escaped.

X, the assailant of *B*, was an alien and the proprietor of the rooming-house in which *B* and his wife lived. *X* lived with his own family in another rooming-house which he also conducted on the same street.

There were no witnesses to the assault, except the perpetrator and the victim of the crime.

Mrs. B could not be found in her apartment; did not return to her apartment, nor did she call at the hospital to see her husband.

Facts—With these facts before him, a detective is expected to tell what events led up to this situation, what the alarm should contain, what was indicated by the crime, the escape and abandonment of his family by *X*. He is expected to outline procedure in tracking *X's* arrival in the United States and how to institute a search for *Mrs. B.*

Even tho the detective passes the test with flying colors, he is not through with school. Every four years, he must return to learn what is new in his field. Every opportunity to improve himself is given the New York policeman. If he so desires, he may take courses in law, traffic and street-safety, motor-transport, specialized training for emergency service, radio-patrol recording, horsemanship and teaching. There also are "refresher courses," required each year to keep men in each branch of the force up to date in their work.

Fame—The last word in police schooling, the Academy was organized as recently as 1929, has been from its inception under the able direction of its Dean, Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell. And so wide has its fame spread that not a day goes by without some visitor from another city, State or country dropping in to learn how it is done. Even London comes to the New York Police Academy.

New York, however, is not the only American city to recognize the necessity for training its police. Chicago, whose Commissioner of Police is James Allman, has a course of training for its recruits which averages more than five-hours' work a day for seventy days. The course covers much the same ground as that in New York.

In Los Angeles, under Capt. Ross R. McDonald, three separate programs are in operation. With the work starting at 8 A. M. and lasting until 9 P. M., a four-weeks' intensive course breaks in new officers. Older officers, detached from regular duty, spend ten days each year receiving instructions in newfangled methods, while the third group attends voluntary academic courses.

In San Francisco, William J. Quinn, Chief of Police, recognizes the necessity for training his force. With a greater number of college men coming into his department in recent years, he has been able to introduce stiffer and stiffer examinations and raise the intelligence level of his "finest."

Teaching—Recruits in San Francisco, through lectures, are taught fundamental types of crime and methods of handling them. Court procedure and physical education are part of the curriculum as well as actual assignments. Conferences for officers of various precincts give police opportunities to discuss criminological ideas. Part of a State-wide system, the conference plan helps improve the efficiency of police throughout California. As it is sponsored officially by the Police Officers' Institute of Technical Training, which is introducing police vocational training in State and junior colleges, police in California will be on an equal footing in all cities of the State.

Interesting experiment in police training is that undertaken by the University of Wichita, Kansas, where, in 1935, Chief of Police O. W. Wilson and Dr. William M. Jardine, President of the University, collaborated in instituting a two-year course in police science. The police department selected fourteen young men to take this course, and these "cadets" received the regular four-weeks' course of intensive recruit training before they entered the University. During their two-years' schooling, they work half-time shifts on the police force, receiving $50 a month salary.

Jobs—Cadet officers must take at least twelve semester hours of police-science work each half-year at the University. The course measures up to academic requirements and covers police practise, identification procedure and criminal investigation, ethics, psychology, social pathology and business law. To obtain a Police Science Certificate, the candidate must fulfil all the requirements of Bachelor of Arts and must perform with merit his duties as cadet. While neither the Police Department nor the University of Wichita guarantees posts to graduates, the police department already has filled vacancies with cadets and probably will continue to do so.

Growing interest in training a police force is evident in the fact that various universities are conducting short courses which are attended by trained police officers as well as aspirants to positions on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

police forces. Forty-nine students enrolled in a short course in Ohio State University in 1936, fifteen from Cleveland, nine representing the Tennessee Valley Authority police units. Obviously, police are not resting on their night-sticks.

Nor have State police been neglected in this training. New York has had a school at Troy since 1921. Connecticut insists on State patrolmen attending its ten-weeks' course and a six-months' probationary period before permanent appointment. Michigan has its State school at Lansing.

Unless they start equally effective schools of their own, all evidence indicates that criminals of the future are in for some tough sledding.

LINED UP: Magazine's Parade of Criminal "Mugs" Leads to Innocent Wife's Freedom

Take Nelle Harvey of Texas: What a yarn O. Henry could have written about her! This week, *True Detective Mysteries* tells Nelle Harvey's stranger-than-fiction story. Her false arrests and convictions of forgery, tho innocent, are sockdolagers to those blithely believing that eye-witness identifications are infallible.

Wife of a respected Wichita Falls oil man, she saw a wearying succession of shopkeepers and clerks point accusing forefingers at her as a clever forger who had cheated them with rubber checks Such phrases as "That's the woman! She stuck me for thirty-two bucks — I'd know her anywhere," rang drummingly in her ears.

Cells — Whisked from county-seat to county-seat, Mrs. Harvey was paraded before business men and women who had been bilked by an elusive "paper-hanger." She came to know poorly ventilated, sometimes dirty, jails; came to know, almost expect, that hopeless routine of identification, indictment, trial, conviction and sentence.

Convicted on three charges in as many counties, she was sentenced to nine years in prison. Her black lot was despair.

To-day, she is free and exonerated because her lawyer, Earle Kuntz, happened to pick up *True Detective's* February issue. Unlike many business and professional men, Mrs. Harvey's attorney was no detective-story fan. He thinks Providence led him that day.

Each month this Macfadden publication runs "The Line-Up"—photographs, descriptions and rewards for hunted criminals. One "mug" in last October's double spread was Edward Bell, *alias* J. D. Thomas, sought for forgery.

Authorities didn't want the middle-aged fugitive badly enough to offer rewards for his capture, but the magazine, as is its custom, posted $100 for his capture. Soon after the October issue hit Texas newsstands, James Stafford and James Mulligan, Beaumont detectives, scanned "The Line-Up," conned a familiar "mug."

Hide-Out—They found Bell in the flesh in a tourist-camp, arrested him and his wife, Billie Swor Bell, both wanted in Arkansas. In due course, the Beaumont detectives shared *True Detective's* $100 reward.

Then, in the February issue, a short account of their story was published, along with photographs of the two Bells.

Idly thumbing through a copy of this issue, Mrs. Harvey's chief counsel sat up with a start, looked closely. Billie Swor Bell's resemblance to his client was amazing.

Thus, a tragedy of errors was cleared. Witnesses who so positively had identified Mrs. Harvey as a forger had been deceived by a likeness.

Kuntz enlisted the aid of sympathetic officials who had not been convinced of Mrs. Harvey's guilt. They visited Billie Swor Bell in the Arkansas women's prison. Confronted with overwhelming evidence, she admitted the Texas forgeries, detailing crimes of which Mrs. Harvey had been convicted, then asked permission to write a letter apologizing for the tragedy she had caused.

True Detective's "Line-Up," righter of Mrs. Harvey's wrong, first appeared in the August, 1931, issue as brain-child of Macfadden Editor-in-Chief Fulton Oursler. Then, as now, eight wanted-men's photographs, with descriptions, finger-print classifications and brief details of crimes of which they were accused, were published.

In each case official rewards are listed along with the magazine's posting of $100 "to the person who first identifies the fugitive, prior to his arrest, from the photograph appearing in 'The Line-Up' and gives the tip which leads to his capture."

There were immediate results to "The Line-Up." First reward was to a civilian who spotted Fred ("Killer") Burke, Midwest outlaw. Second went for nabbing George ("Bluebeard") Perry, known as "the murdering brakeman" and "Wisconsin wife-dispatcher."

In succeeding issues, killers, bandits, kidnapers, embezzlers and assorted thugs were "lined up."

By April 1, this year, captures had reached 114, or 21 per cent of all "mugged" for *True Detective* readers.

Rewards paid by the magazine amounted to $11,200; total rewards paid for these 114 captures, including those offered by authorities, added up to $26,245. California leads with eight captures; Oklahoma is runner-up with seven and Illinois, Michigan and Missouri tie for third with six each.

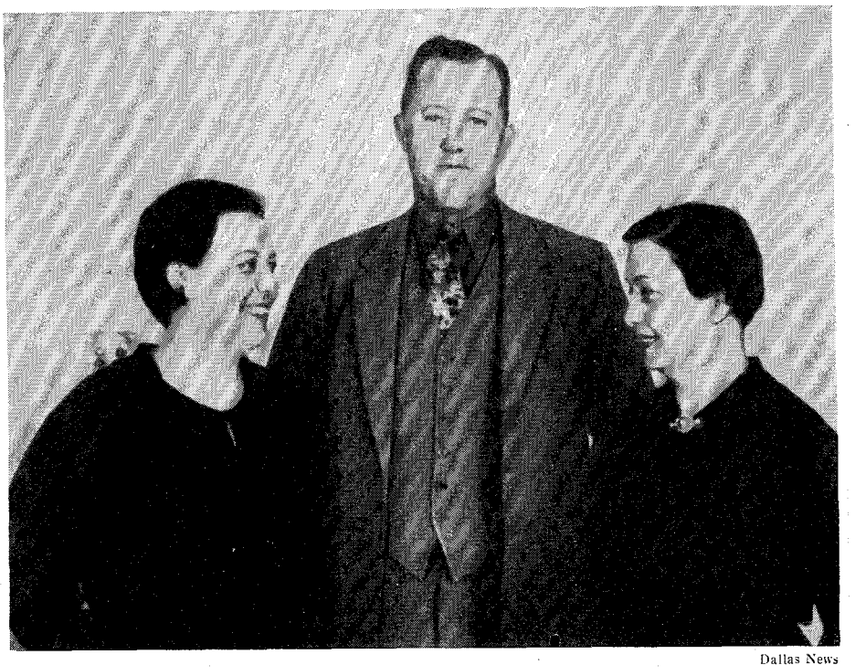
Macfadden Publications' companion magazine, *Master Detective*, began a similar feature in April, 1934. This periodical is credited with sixty captures, worth $5,900 to canny readers.

Its score of total rewards, including those paid out by authorities, amounts to $8,275.

Here, again, approximately 21 per cent. of all photographs published have netted captures.

These "Line-Ups" are conducted as public services. Macfadden Publications make no charge for publishing photographs and descriptions and pay $5 for each published. Subjects must be authenticated officially.

Many police departments and detective bureaus, State and local, as well as individual cops, keep "Line-Up" files on tap. Once in a blue moon, they may be able to right a wrong like Mrs. Harvey's.



Dallas News

A tragedy of errors ended: Sheriff Pat Allen stands between Mrs. Billie Bell (left), admitted passer of rubber checks, and her double, Mrs. Nelle Harvey, innocent convict

Religion

COLD QUEST: Glacier Priest's Bering Strait Survey to Aid Science and Medicine

Forty-five miles off the Alaska coast, just south of Bering Strait, lies an obscure, two-mile-square pile of rock which sheers up like Gibraltar from an eddying spume of sea. Named King Island, its existence is a geographical fact to most Alaskans because its 190 inhabitants are regarded as the Peninsula's "most unspoiled Eskimos."

Best and bravest hunters of the North, they have been able to maintain their basic racial integrity through a compound of Bellarmine Lafortune, Jesuit priest who has been among them for thirty-two years, a deep sense of moral pride and semi-isolation.

From September to June, the tiny colony

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAY, MACK, I'VE BEEN GETTING SWELL SHAVES WITH GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR LIKE YOU TOLD ME. THANKS FOR THE TIP!
THAT'S BECAUSE WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
GILLETTE BLADE
GILLETTE RAZOR

Shaves are Kinder to Your Face

when razor and blade match

For clean, comfortable shaves, men everywhere agree that this perfectly matched shaving combination is tops! And no wonder! Where will you find shaving comfort to compare with the results you get from the flawless teamwork of the Gillette Razor and the Gillette Blade?

It is because this razor and blade are made for each other that they work so smoothly together. It is because they are designed as a unit—produced in the same factory—that they give a measure of shaving comfort that can't be beaten.

Diamonds Test Hardness

At the Gillette plant no expense in time, money or equipment is spared to assure users of Gillette Blades the utmost in shaving satisfaction.

For example, real diamonds—80 times harder than any other known substance—are used to test the temper of Gillette steel. Variations of as little as one and one-half percent from desired hardness result in immediate rejection of the metal!

Make This Test!

So why experiment when you *know* that the Gillette Blade is the ideal teammate for your Gillette Razor? Buy a package today. Use one in your Gillette Razor tomorrow morning and enjoy a wonderful new kind of shaving thrill! See why millions of men will use no other blade in the Gillette Razor.

Reputable merchants never offer substitutes for Gillette Blades. Always ask for them by name!

Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program—CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Every Sunday night.

Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

is cut off from the white man's civilization on the mainland by the rigors of the Arctic winter. In their blustery Eden, they pass the months carving exquisite pieces of ivory and wood, spearing fish or hunting for walrus and seal. Come summer, they pack the carvings into a score of skin boats with outboard-motors and are convoyed eighty-five miles to Nome, where they are mulcted by traders and get gloriously sick on ice-cream sundaes and ham and eggs.

Next September, when King Islanders bid good-by to the mainland once again, they will embark upon the strangest winter in their long, dull history. Their convoy home will be the U. S. Coast Guard cutter *Northland* and aboard her will be Father Hubbard, Alaska explorer, with a party of four assistant scientists and his two veteran dogs, blue-eyed Mageik and Wolf.

Studies—Selected for its ideal experimental conditions, the desolate isle has agreed to submit to a year's guinea-pig study which the famed Glacier Priest expects to ripen the full fruit of his decade of exploration in Alaska. During this time he hopes to make a "Middletown" survey of the rock, find a specific in seal-oil for tuberculosis, map the meteorological forces in this supposed "factory" of North American storms and prove, by walking over ice to Nome in midwinter, that ancient man, facing little more than half the distance by sea, similarly might have crossed from Asia by way of the Bering Strait.

This week-end, Father Hubbard will step off the platform of New York's Town Hall after completing his 275th lecture since October 1—probably a world record—pack a new set of instruments and gear in his sky-scraper headquarters, with them hop a fast train for his home in San Francisco. There, he will be joined by his assistants, Dr. Victor E. Levine, head of the Creighton University School of Medicine's department of nutrition and chemistry (Omaha, Nebraska); Edgar Levin 240-pound ex-pugilist and graduate student at Stanford University; Kenneth ("Red") Chrisholm of the University of San Francisco, and Bernard J. Stanley, Santa Clara (California) meteorologist and radio engineer.

Picking up the dogs, they will catch the *Northland* at Seattle, sail on May 20. After a five-month cruise in the Bering Sea and Arctic Ocean, the cutter will plow down to Nome and bundle the holidaying islanders and their white guests off to the rock.

"Fossil"—Half the year the highest paid lecturer in the world, the other half a wanderer among treacherous craters and glaciers, the Rev. Bernard Rosecrans Hubbard goes to King Island as a newcomer as much the lean, six-foot legendary figure that he is elsewhere in Alaska. Now forty-eight, he began his exploring career as a frail youth climbing California's Santa Cruz mountains with gun, camera and dog.

Dubbed "Fossil" Hubbard by classmates, he attended Santa Clara College, became a Jesuit, taught science and literature, puttered about the geological formations of a half-dozen States, eventually went to the University of Innsbruck, Austria, to complete theological studies. There, his frequent jaunts among the lofty Alps won him the sobriquet of *Gletscher Pfarrer*—Glacier Priest.

When he returned home, he taught geology at Santa Clara, thumbed his way on his first vacation in 1927 to Alaska. He's been going ever since, taking leave from his chair, conquering such giants as the Valley of the Ten Thousand Smokes, forbidding Aniakchak, Akutam and Shishaldin craters and haunted Kadiak Island.

These hair-raising forays developed two theories: Volcanoes erupt in periodic cycles; hurricanes and gales which rake North America generate in the Aleutian Island region (see map). What causes them? What connection have the two? He did not know. But it seemed apparent that the 1,200 miles of high volcanoes with their narrow passes, together with the Bering Sea on one side and the warm Japanese current on the Pacific side were an ideal breeding-ground for storms.

Medicine—Last year, as Father Hubbard pondered upon a test of his theories, his friend Levine, after three summers in Northern Alaska, discovered that seal-oil contained the sunshine vitamin D, also a sedative which gave instant relief to tubercular sufferers.

Introduced by the Russians before the American purchase in 1867, the white plague has cut tremendous inroads in the

Agfa Photo

Father Hubbard brings Jesuit teachings to Eskimos of King Island, geological data to American scientists, interesting stories to an eager public and annoyance to an old sea-lion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Digest Map

Where Father Hubbard will make a year's "guinea-pig" study

health of the territory's Eskimo population. Even the robust King Islanders are susceptible to it. When afflicted, however, they resort to the traditional indigenous remedy—seal-oil. Its effect always has been magical. Father Hubbard tells of ailing Eskimos who, after heavy hemorrhages, have been out spearing fish within a few hours.

For years, the process by which this oil soothed and temporarily restored the diseased tissue has been a source of mystery to many an Alaskan explorer and biochemist. Among investigators was Doctor Levine, who, after his discovery, decided to make a first-hand metabolic study, selected as best available subjects his friends, the King Islanders. His object: To find a specific or remedy having a definite curative action, such as quinin has to malaria or mercury to syphilis.

The King Islanders agreed. Inasmuch as the test would require a year, Father Hubbard decided here was an opportunity to kill several scientific birds with one stone: a thoroughgoing physiological-anthropological-meteorological investigation. Always a consummate organizer, he promptly sped to New York and designed new equipment to facilitate his work. The result is that when he departs this week he will take along a farrago of apparatus.

Gear—Doffing the customary *parka*, his men will don the light Hubbard arctic-cloth suit. For headgear they will sport regulation aviator helmets with a windbreak mask, attached with a zipper. Helmets, too, are equipped with miniature receiving and (possibly) sending radio sets. Footgear, however, will be the tough native *mukluks*. Gadget gear also includes a new and powerful Smith & Wesson revolver, wide-angled Deltar-Zeiss binoculars and miniature Contax cameras.

First act of the party upon landing will be to set up the closest weather-station to Asia. A standard affair, equipped with a short-wave radio plant, it will rise right in the neck of Bering Strait, where most of the storms are born. As they gyrate and roar south, their movements will be broadcast to the naval station in the Aleutians. In this way, the data can be sent on to North America. From time to time, Father Hubbard will broadcast the progress of his experiments to both Asia and America, intersperse them with Eskimo songs and folk-lore. Maybe, as guest, he'll put on the tribal chief, let him speak in his native Innuit, a Mongoloid tongue.

For food the scientists will subsist

HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED...

The Modern Laxative has

EXERCISING ACTION

SARÁKA* is as *different* from old-fashioned laxatives as to-day's athletic girl is from the beach beauty of 1897 vintage. And because it is *different* in so many ways, Saráka has helped thousands of sufferers from habitual constipation to regain youthful regularity.

Just what are these differences? Perhaps the most important one is that Saráka does not weaken the intestinal muscles. Instead it exercises those muscles—helps make them real workers for your better health.

And that brings up another vital difference. Saráka does not act with unpleasant violence — or embarrassing urgency. Most users are reminded of their healthy childhood when they never gave constipation a thought.

No Secrets

A third difference is that Saráka makes no dark mystery of its formula. Its principal ingredient is bassorit — sap of a tree found in far off India. In Saráka, it comes in the form of tiny granules.

After passing through the stomach, these granules absorb water and e-x-p-a-n-d. They turn into soft, smooth BULK. By greatly increasing the quantity of bulk passing through the intestines, Saráka encourages lazy intestinal muscles to get busy and exercise. Since this action tends to strengthen those important muscles, many Saráka users find that they are gradually able to cut down their dose.

*Bulk Plus Motility**

Some laxatives rely on bulk alone. Saráka gives Motility also. Its other active ingredient is specially treated cortex frangula (also of plant origin). This mildly stimulates the intestines to keep waste products *in motion*.

Before changing to a new laxative, we suggest that you consult that trusted counselor—your family physician. Ask him about Saráka. Your druggist carries it in three sizes. Save money by asking for the new "Hospital Size." Or mail the coupon for a free trial-size tin.

SCHERING CORPORATION
Dept. 331 Bloomfield, N. J.
Canadian Address: Schering (Canada) Ltd.
P. O. Box 358, Montreal, Que.

Sign below for a free trial-size tin of Saráka. Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

SARÁKA

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright 1937, Schering Corporation

AVOID IMITATIONS—MAKE SURE YOU GET GENUINE SARÁKA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doctors know the TRUTH about laxatives-do you?

IN PROTECTING your health, the doctor makes no compromise with quality. Every drug or serum he uses must meet strict standards of purity and strength.

Even for a little thing like a laxative, the doctor has a definite set of requirements. Before giving a laxative his approval he considers it from every angle to make sure that it meets his demands.

Read the specifications listed below. Will *your* laxative check on every point?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

Go right down the list. Ex-Lax checks on *every one* of the above points. It meets the doctor's demands of a laxative fairly and fully. In fact, Ex-Lax is regarded with such confidence that many doctors use it in their own homes. Ex-Lax has literally millions of friends. It is the most widely-used laxative in the whole world.

LET EX-LAX PROVE ITS OWN CASE

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. Let your own experience convince you of its many advantages. You will find that Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. You will find that it is *not* upsetting. You will find that it is completely effective. Moreover, you will appreciate the pleasant sense of well-being that follows such a thorough internal cleansing.

Your children, too, can share in these advantages. For the requirements set up by the doctor are *doubly important* to a child.

Once you taste Ex-Lax, you'll say good-bye to harsh, nasty cathartics. Both youngsters and grown-ups are grateful for its delicious chocolate flavor. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. V-57, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

almost entirely upon good old-fashioned American canned stuffs. Not that they want to prove, as some explorers wrongly believe, that such victuals can support the white man in the Arctic regions, but rather, that these sealed provisions do not freeze, or lose their nourishing qualities under exposure to cold.

Feat—No. 1 exploit of the expedition is the ice promenade to Nome. On this, Father Hubbard will be accompanied by Edgar Levin, who's been with him for eight years, and his two dogs. Each will wear specially-invented goggles to resist 100-mile gales and snow-blindness. With them they will take a native skin-boat to negotiate ice-choked water passages.

Without committing himself to evolution, Father Hubbard believes, with Dr. Ales Hrdlicka and other anthropologists, that the Alaskan Eskimos' forebears easily could have negotiated the sixty miles from Siberia to North America, had they so desired. Against this is the theory which holds this was impossible, that the North American aborigines sprang from the continent itself.

Father Hubbard and his party hope to bring back scientific proof of their theories, backed with 300,000 feet of cinema film, of special infrared manufacture and 100,000 still pictures.

Last week, he said: "If we don't come through with our work, we won't come back."

HOLY HUNGER: Tennessee Mountaineer Believes Fasting Was Divine Command

Donning sackcloth and sprinkling themselves with ashes, Biblical holy men used to leave their worldly haunts and repair to mountain or desert to fast for the remission of their sins. Moses's forty-day-and-forty-night fast on Mount Sinai is a Scriptural classic. Elijah performed a similar act of abstinence to get in touch with God and escape his enemies. Christ fasted forty days, but warned "that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

Through the ages, devout Christians have followed this religious dictate to wash away sin, ascribing their acts of self-denial to the Lord's inspiration. Hoeing the ragweed in his garden outside Stooping Oak, atop Cumberland Mountain in Tennessee one day in 1928, Jackson Whitlow, forty-five, tall, gaunt trapper, said he suddenly saw the sinfulness of the world and the selfishness of church brethren, asked the Separate Baptist Church to turn him out and began to live his "own life with the Lord."

The Lord, he told neighbors, often spoke to him, giving him advice. A few months ago, upon such spiritual counsel, he stopped trapping, sold his pigs and goods, gave the money to the Red Cross and the poor. Then, he declared, the Lord bade him to begin a fast, to be broken only when He reappeared and so commanded Whitlow obeyed, but momentarily weakened the next day by tasting some potato soup. He got sick, said the Lord was punishing him and on March 10 began fasting in earnest, watched over by his wife, in his log cabin. His seventy-year-old father called to cheer him along. Soon the neighbors dropped in to "drive away his pains with prayers."

As the days passed, Whitlow's body wasted away, his eyes sank in dark hollows, but he refused to eat, even when Dr. J. B. Smith of the county-seat warned he might die. Whitlow said: "I'm all right except for a mite of dryness in my throat."

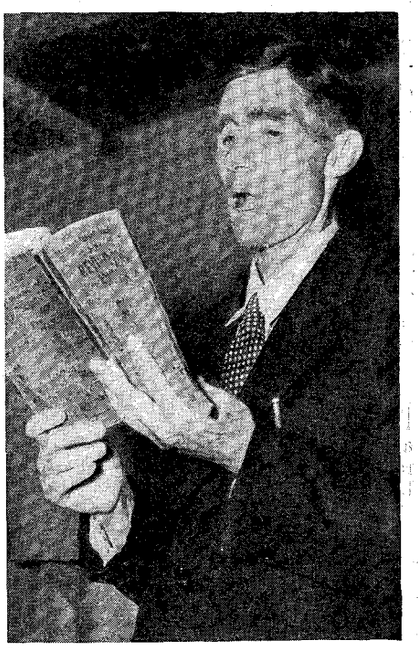
Thereupon he swallowed a bit of vinegar mixed with saltpeter.

Word of the fast spread down the mountain, got in the Chattanooga newspapers and soon Whitlow was receiving fan mail. Last week, as he entered his fiftieth day of abstinence, newspapers all over the country gave front-page prominence to him, increasing his letters to twenty-five a day. Frightened by the fact that his weight had fallen from 136 to 102 pounds, a Los Angeles woman said she had received a message from God ordering him to eat. Another writer said: "You can eat now," and signed himself "God." To this Whitlow answered: "They can't fool me. I know the Lord doesn't use the mails."

Newspaper men climbed the mountain, hung about the cabin, as neighbors held council on sending the faster to the hospital. Whitlow waved them aside, grew weaker as he lost blood. "If I die," he said, "it will be the Lord's will." Skeptics scratched their heads, called Whitlow a "religious fanatic," insisted it was impossible for a man to go so long without food and live.

Others argued that the man was too honest "to snitch a few bites on the Lord," and Howard Payne, WPA Administrator, said the entire family had a county-wide "reputation for truthfulness." As for his fanaticism, it generally was agreed that Whitlow had been "acting peculiar" of late, would argue Biblical subjects "at the drop of a hat."

Yields—By the week's end, when Whitlow was believed near death, he finally broke his fast. Reporting a "sweet message from the Lord," he started with elderberry wine, then switched to broth and greens. Earlier, Doctor Smith had expressed some doubt whether the man could assimilate nourishment even should



Pictures, Inc.

"Lord's sweet message" made Jackson Whitlow break fast with elderberry wine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he receive his instruction "from on high." But, unable to rise, Whitlow mumbled:

"The Lord won't let me die. Forty-eight days ago, He told me to fast in preparation for a great work. This is just His way of testing me. I don't suffer none and I don't have any appetite, either. My faith will save me and I know the Lord will speak and command me to eat in time. I told my wife to go ahead and plant beans in our garden. I'll help her eat them after the Lord speaks. I believe He has some special work in His vineyard that He wants me to do and is preparing me for it. In good time, He will tell me when to eat and what He wants me to do Until then I will fast and wait."

As in other enforced fasts of long duration, Whitlow's case has provoked comment on man's ability to live without nourishment. Under ordinary circumstances, a human being might survive eight days without food and water. The process which brings about death is this: When no food or water is consumed, the animal heat falls. More than 50 per cent. of the dry, solid matter of the body thereby is lost. Soon, fever, restlessness and delirium set in.

Orient—Hence the skepticism which has greeted many a fantastic story of fasts reportedly reaching 100 days. Last summer, a Jainist monk is said to have fasted for 132 days in a Bombay temple. India has been the scene of a number of incredible fasts. In September, 1924, Mahatma Gandhi, recovering from an operation, fasted for twenty-one days in protest against Britain. The same year, Jatindranath Ras, arrested for conspiracy at Lahore, died after a fast of sixty-one days.

Probably the most famous fast of recent history was that of Terence McSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, who, in 1920, fasted for seventy-one days following his arrest in the Sinn Fein revolt. He fainted, was forcibly fed, but died four days later.

There are innumerable cases of extraordinarily long fasts by shipwrecked sailors. In 1876, fifteen who escaped from the wrecked frigate *Medusa* lived for fifteen days on an open raft without food.

Unlike Whitlow, most religious fasters, however, undertake only partial abstinence. But the motive is the same: to purge the body in preparation for spiritual ordinances.

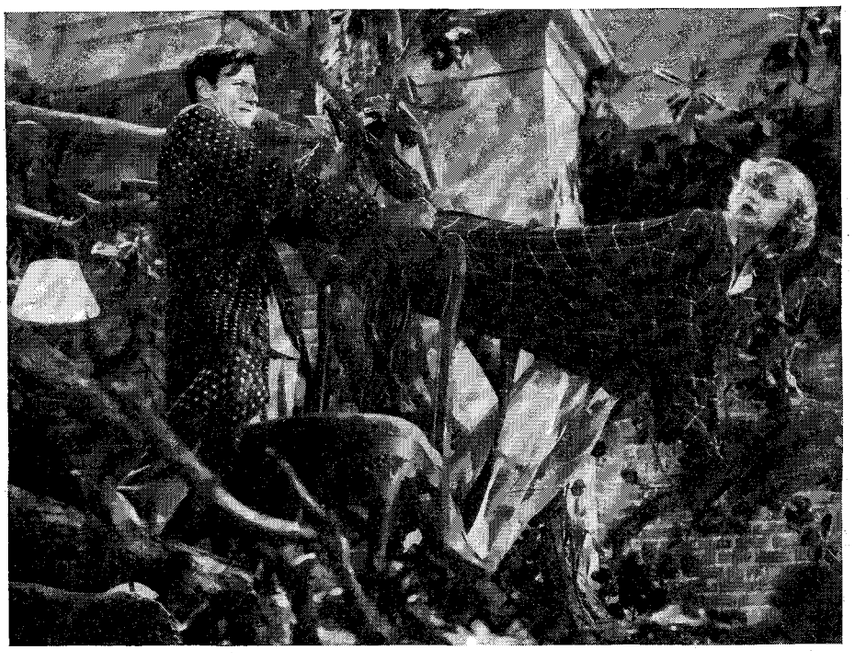
It is a heritage of the dim past when this preparation was for communion with ancestral spirits.

Screen

ZANY HIT: "Woman Chases Man," Alluring Comedy, Expected to Start New Cycle

Miss Miriam Hopkins, who has been about as winning as a bottle-cap in two recent films, steps back into the lure brackets in "Woman Chases Man," a hilarious, deft insanity from the Samuel Goldwyn studios.

Two years ago, no one would have touched the script of "Woman Chases Man." A year ago, one or two courageous souls might have tentatively flirted at making it into a motion-picture. It is even possible to think that there was some reluctance among individuals on its production staff when it got under way at Goldwyn's. At its preview, however, it bowled over a professional Hollywood audience, the net result of which will be a series of zany films from every studio in town. The crackpot cycle is on.



Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea scramble among the branches and fight their way to love

Five writers of record, a sixth unprogrammed, worked themselves up into a state of giggles and poured comic inventiveness into a film that is constantly funny. In addition, a small but willing cast contributes excellent clowning.

Handsome Bankrupt—Miss Hopkins is a starving architect in this one, a handsome bankrupt who is determined to get a job with a real-estate development which, likewise, is suffering from cash malnutrition. She finds at its head an amiable loon who has gone through $1,000,000 buying worthless and gadgety inventions and is losing the development because his son, a conservative, won't advance $100,000 to him.

From that point, girl and father campaign to break down the son and force him into supporting the project.

The best scenes in the picture take place in the empty, debt-ridden Long Island estate of the father. Gas has been turned off, there are no servants, food is a problem.

Son and two guests, a fortune-hunter and her adoring stooge, are fed from cooking accomplished on a battery of electric irons. Two jobless movie-theater ushers double as butler and maid. Miss Hopkins's evening gowns, a requirement to dazzle the son away from the fortune-hunter, are hastily contrived from old curtains and bedspreads.

Love in a Tree—There is an enormously funny scene in an old oak, with Miss Hopkins and Joel McCrea talking it all over in an upholstered chair that has been hoisted there and under the alluring beams of a bridge lamp that happened to be caught in the branches.

Miss Hopkins returns to her past excellence as a *comédienne*, restores herself to favor lost when she trudged so heavily through a recent war item called "The Woman I Loved."

This is no implication that she is not a dramatic actress, but a restatement of the critically-acknowledged fact that she is a poised, sure clown who triumphs in literate, brisk comedy.

Joel McCrea is at his best and receives with Miss Hopkins the unfailingly high-grade support of Charles Winninger, Erik Rhodes, Broderick Crawford and others.

Joseph Anthony, Manuel Seff and David Hertz prepared a skilled and crackling scenario from a dizzily funny original by Lynn Root and Franklyn Fenton. Joe Bigelow, recently imported New York writer, contributed handily to the humors.

Preview comment was unreservedly enthusiastic.

Hollywood Daily Variety: "It belongs unmistakably to that brand of joyous, infectious comedy which gets itself widely recommended."

"ASHES OF AGED": Cruelty to Homeless Parents Is Shown in Gripping Film

Two renowned clowns contribute the major sense to "Make Way For To-morrow," a gentle, compassionate motion-picture shrewdly devised to awaken adult children to their responsibilities to their aged parents.

Leo McCarey, director noted for a series of vividly funny pictures, became interested in the theme and convinced Paramount he could turn *tremolo* without losing advantage. Victor Moore, known for his potbelly humors and strange hats, willingly abandoned his fixed comedy pattern to play the rôle of an aging, jobless, mild old man.

Depth—The average audience, looking on the first scene in the picture, is going to wonder how soon it will end. It is one of those plain-as-an-old-cottage things with tidies, Victorian furniture, frightened old people and dull children. Suddenly, it becomes apparent that the picture has depth, a fine emotional force and is being acted in a lifelike manner.

There is no denying that "Make Way For To-morrow" is fabricated sentimentality, but the sincerity of the performances

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and direction lifts it above the common tear-jerker grade.

It tells the story of grown children passing bankrupt parents around from household to household, of the heart-breaking separation of the two old people and of the havoc they create as they enter into their children's lives.

No Taffy—McCarey has insisted on an honest ending which makes no compromise with taffy. The parents begin in a tragic situation and end in a worse one. The picture abounds in simplicity and emotional austerity. It probably will be uncomfortably real to dozens in every audience that sees it.

It is a warmly human photoplay and its cast gives it exceptional performances.

Moore and Beulah Bondi, long Broadway players of top standing, make the parents thumpingly real. Fay Bainter, Thomas Mitchell, Porter Hall, Maurice Moscovitch, Louis Jean Heydt, Elizabeth Risdon and Minna Gombell, all from the theater, are no less excellent.

* * *

MURDEROUS BELL-HOP

Last fall, New York theater-audiences shivered for a few weeks at Emlyn Williams's portrait and play of a homicidal psychopath invading a modest English cottage. It was called "Night Must Fall." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought it and has turned it into a picture.

In cinema form, it is a realistic, grim melodrama which departs from habitual film customs. Some audiences will relish it and its chilling implications. Others are going to wish they could see *Mickey Mouse*. One thing is certain: it is adult material and nothing to be offered the children.

Departing from the cotton-floss rôles which have hampered him for some months, Robert Montgomery plays the murderous bell-boy with force and a haunting evil that may not win him much average-audience appreciation but will bring praises of the discriminating.

Rosalind Russell and Dame May Whitty, in the other two principal parts, also do effective work.

Richard Thorpe has directed with emotional economy, thereby creating a tight, realistic mood that points up the horror.

Music

HOME TALENT: Sometimes Even Genius Is Blocked by Stony Path to Concert Stage

This week, 2,600 civic organizations throughout the United States are observing the fourteenth annual National Music Week. This year's slogan: "Foster Local Music Talent."

Primary object is to organize community music talent into glee-clubs, bands and orchestras. Secondary object is to arouse in cities and towns a sense of responsibility toward educating any exceptional talent which may be discovered.

C. M. Tremaine, white-haired Secretary of the Committee for National Music Week, feels that future American concert artists must come from community-music

Constance Hope Associates

Jascha Heifetz, a professional at seven, success in music: "Start early, go at it hard"

groups. "But developing avocational musicians is more important than developing professionals," he feels. "If we get the amateurs organized, those with professional talent will stand out. They should be given every opportunity to develop fully in music conservatories and schools."

Whether or not to enter the professional field is a question confronting every youngster with talent. Consideration must be taken of many factors other than mere aptitude. What, for instance, would be the chances of making a living?

Opportunity—Now, they would be very good. Veteran professional musicians and teachers think that the profession is opening up for young American composers and solo artists of ability. The radio has created a new field. Motion-pictures are becoming an important market for capable

Constance Hope Associates

Estelle Liebling: "Three years' platform experience should suffice to polish a young musician"

artists. The Federal Music Projects are bent on discovering young American geniuses.

Perhaps most important of all, the community and civic concert movement is gaining a strong foothold in American cultural life. With the growth of that movement, American concert artists will be more in demand.

Before gaining concert prominence, neophyte musicians must look forward to years of hard work and sacrifices. For that reason, Jascha Heifetz, world-famed violinist, will not allow his children to become professional musicians. Heifetz was a professional at seven, virtuoso at ten.

"People who succeed in music start pretty early and go at it hard," Heifetz sighs. "To some degree, general education and other interests have to be crowded aside. One has to give an enormous amount of time at the start of a career to become an artist. One wants to be pretty certain one will amount to something."

Estelle Liebling, vocal teacher on the staff of Curtis Institute of Music, offers more encouragement. "A talented child, starting at eight or nine years old, could under good training and with unflagging determination, become a reasonably finished concert artist within eight or ten years," she says. "A certain amount of platform experience is necessary, of course, before a young artist is ready to give his best efforts, but, barring temperamental difficulties, about three years of such experience should suffice to polish up a young musician."

Cash—Lack of money may completely stop a young musician of great potential ability. Often, if the talent is recognized, community music clubs or other civic organizations may undertake to pay for the training. The large music institutes and conservatories constantly are looking for young people with talent. If they locate some one particularly promising, but with too little money to pay for an expensive course, they usually are willing to award a scholarship.

Even that could not cover the cost of a début. The début, if the artist wishes to be successful, for some strange reason, must be in New York. First step is to get a manager. To do that, the artist must be armed with recommendations from teachers and musicians.

After that, a début may be arranged for an absolute minimum of $300. That will just pay for a little 246-seat concert-hall tucked away in the Steinway Building. About $700 is a safer minimum and a larger sum may be used to advantage.

A début may offer many discouragements. It may occur on a rainy day, or on the day of a more important concert and no audience will come. It never makes money. Or accident may mar it.

Obstacles—There are many incipient musicians who never could survive the training and début ordeal to become successful concertists. Miss Liebling sends them away. "There are three reasons for discouraging youngsters who come to me for training, besides the obvious ones of lack of talent and lack of funds," she says. "Lack of health, lack of personality, or lack of appearance, either separately or in combination, render the chances of success much less probable and provide a handicap very difficult to overcome."

Even after an artist has "arrived," the life is not easy. There must be hours of arduous practise every day. The artist is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continually traveling and may not have a vacation for two or three years. The season in the United States is from October to May. In Australia, South America and South Africa, the season is in what is our summer.

Nevertheless, for a person with all the necessary qualities, plus an amazing persistence in the face of such obstacles as condemnation by the critics and often downright starvation, successful artists swear that the final realization of musical recognition is worth all it costs.

Psychology

'RITHMETIC: Even Einstein Boggles at Simple Figures Involved in Housekeeping

When the grocer's boy flings quarters and nickels at you, do you count them, or wait until you arrive home and then find you have been short-changed?

Have you ever argued with a waiter over a restaurant-check total only to discover shamefacedly that he was right?

When *Johnny* or *Susie* tackle you for aid in home arithmetic, can you achieve the right answer with a few marks of the pencil, or do you wrestle and sweat unsuccessfully, to your chagrin and loss of caste with the younger generation?

Have you an aversion for anything having to do with figures—whether remembering them, setting them down on paper, or the so-called simple operations of adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing?

Well, don't worry. There are a lot of others in the same boat.

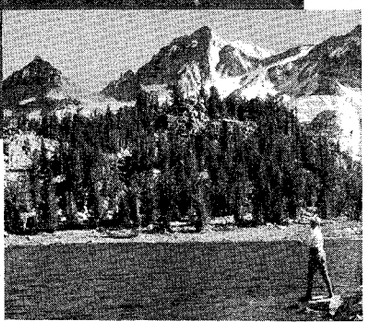
Bakshish—From Washington, last week, came a dispatch that the United States Government rang up $230,000 on its cash-registers in 1936 because the public made foolish mistakes in addressing (writing down the correct street numbers) mail. A total of 12,250,000 letters and packages went unclaimed, of which 108,454 contained $96,326. "The number of foolish mistakes people make is almost unbelievable," says Burton G. Cowles of the Dead Letter Office.

The Bureau of Research, University of Illinois, reported that a survey in one small city department store of the work of forty salespeople (all listed as competent, experienced clerks) showed 157 mistakes in adding up checks in sixteen weeks. The oldest and most experienced sales-clerk made mistakes amounting to $8.32, an average error of two cents a sale.

Nor are people prominent in public life immune. One of the favorite anecdotes about Albert Einstein, world-famous scientist, great mathematician and thinker, concerns his unconcern with digits when they represent monetary matters. He once took a $1,500 check from the Rockefeller Foundation, used it as a book-mark, misplaced the volume, lost the voucher. To the late Mrs. Einstein he always delegated all domestic finances. A wizard at mathematical theories, he would have nothing to do with figuring bills.

First Lady—Eleanor Roosevelt, writing in "This Is My Story" in the May issue of *The Ladies Home Journal*, admits that as a child, "mathematics, from plain arithmetic to geometry, was always torture to

MY 2-WEEKS VACATION HAS GOT TO BE GOOD!



LEADING the hurried, harried kind of life we do these days, your work-a-day self needs something extra special when vacation time comes around. You need variety, stimulation, complete relaxation and spirit-lifting change.

Southern California, we think, offers that kind of vacation (and you can do it in two weeks). Here each day offers something new and different to see and do, in cosmopolitan Los Angeles, fun-loving Hollywood, Santa Monica, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Pasadena, Pomona, Long Beach, and other nearby cities.

Strange Contrasts

Here snow-capped mountains dip their feet in the blue Pacific. Orange and olive groves, vineyards, gardens and odd native trees clothe valleys and foothills. Open-air markets display bright colored, unfamiliar fruits and vegetables. Even Los Angeles County's industries—oil, citrus, movies—are fascinatingly different.

There's active vacation fun of every sort—swimming, surf-riding, sun-bathing on miles of sandy beaches . . . golf, tennis, deep-sea fishing with flying-fish for bait . . . tournament polo and tennis, auto races, riding, hiking . . . climbing mile-high mountains to hidden lakes, sailing to semi-tropic South-sea isles.

Your vacation *will* be good, in this old-new world—gay, debonair, peaceful—with rainless summer days and cool nights. Even from New York it's just overnight by plane, 2½ to 3 days by train, 5 to 7 by auto or stage, two weeks by steamer via Panama. And an ordinary budget will do, for vacation costs here are 15% to 32% under the average of 20 leading U. S. resorts.

FREE: ***Automatic Trip Planner***

This 80-page Official Guide Book—widely acclaimed by travel experts—plans your trip for you from start to finish: what to see and do, how to get here, time required, itemized cost schedules, plus over 100 photographs, maps, etc. . . . authentic facts not available elsewhere. Coupon brings it FREE by return mail; also, the new Official California Picture Map.

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Come for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; but for tourists, the attractions are unlimited.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

MAIL COUPON TODAY

All-Year Club of Southern California, Div. H-5, 629 So. Hill St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Send me *free* book with complete details (including costs) of a Southern California vacation. Also send free routing by ☐ auto, ☐ rail, ☐ plane, ☐ bus, ☐ steamship. Also send free booklets about counties checked: ☐ Los Angeles, ☐ Santa Barbara, ☐ Orange, ☐ Riverside. ☐ Inyo. ☐ San Diego. ☐ Ventura, ☐ San Bernardino, ☐ Kern, ☐ Imperial.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Please Print Name and Address)

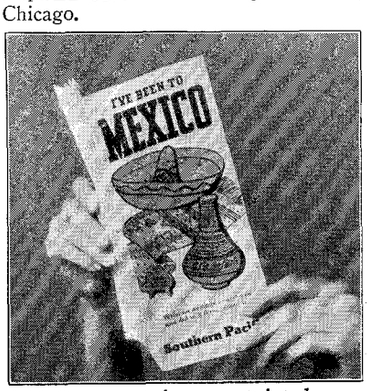
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mexico "Best Seller" Re-printed

Three years ago a San Francisco writer went to **Mexico City** on Southern Pacific's West Coast of Mexico Route, wrote a breezy, informal account of his trip . . . telling about his first taste of a green cocoanut in **Mazatlan,** dickering for sarapes at **Navojoa,** shopping for pottery and bubble glass in **Guadalajara,** the bull fight in **Mexico City,** etc.

Published by Southern Pacific as a booklet titled *I've Been to Mexico,* it attracted nation-wide attention, speedily became a "best seller" in travel literature. Four editions totaling nearly 200,000 copies were printed without exhausting the demand.

Southern Pacific is now pleased to announce the fifth edition of *I've Been to Mexico,* enlarged from 16 to 40 pages, with many added features. LITERARY DIGEST readers interested in Mexico may secure a free copy of *I've Been to Mexico* by writing to O. P. Bartlett, Dept. LD-51, 310 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



200,000 copies were printed

SWORDFISH SEASON OPENS

After a brilliant winter season, Southern Pacific's luxurious **Hotel Playa de Cortés** at **Guaymas** on the West Coast of Mexico now welcomes sportsmen who seek the fighting swordfish of the **Gulf of California.** Swordfish season lasts from now until August.

An eloquent testimonial to Southern Pacific's picturesque West Coast of Mexico Route is the steadily increasing travel to Mexico City this way, through Tucson, Nogales, Guaymas, Mazatlan, Tepic, the rugged Barrancas and Guadalajara. Many a traveler goes on the West Coast Route, returns on the National Railways of Mexico (or vice versa) at low round trip fares.

Southern Pacific

WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE TO MEXICO CITY

me." Mrs. Roosevelt has improved her arithmetic as the years have gone by, it is said. Last week, a friend close to her reported that "she is not now troubled with simple addition and subtraction and occasionally ventures into multiplication and division.

"However, it is doubtful if she could take on cubes or square roots."

All of which simmers down to the fact that most people don't like and make many mistakes in the elementary handling of figures.

Why is this? What is the psychology of it? And what can be done about it?

Gray-haired, benign Dr. Glenn James, associate professor of mathematics at the University of California at Los Angeles, has been conducting experiments with college students to determine why so many flunk their trigonometry, their higher algebra, their calculus.

After thirty years of tests and delving into the personal lives and histories of his students, he concludes that passing "math" examinations is mostly the concentrated application of gray matter to the problems at hand.

Specific, frank and not inclined to molly-coddling, Doctor James says his work convinces him that "any normal student can get mathematics if he will work hard enough and—he will usually work hard enough if he gets rid of an inferiority complex."

The same can be true of the average individual in his simple figuring.

Steps—Doctor James says the first thing he does with a failing student is to convince him that he *has* ability and *could* handle his figures if he would put up a good "fight." Second step is to get the student to "fight"—*i.e.,* study hard. Furthermore, "self-confidence and work are the necessary and sufficient requirements for satisfactory scholarship . . . the assumption that poor students possess inborn demons that hold them down is a false and depressing philosophy . . . the same is true and might even apply better to the average individual in his attitude toward elementary figuring."

If you ask her, tall, pleasant Dr. Gertrude Hildreth, psychologist attached to the staff of the famous experimental Lincoln School, Teachers College, Columbia University, New York, author of "The Three R's" (Educational Test Bureau, Philadelphia) will give you some simple rules by which you can make your accounts come out better, can come home jingling the right change in your pocket. Prescribes Doctor Hildreth for those who want to improve in the third R:

1. Concentrate always when dealing with figures.
2. Figure out your bill in your head or on paper before you get it. See if you can do it faster than the clerk or the waiter. Compare your results with his and if they don't check, find out why.
3. Always count your change. Don't be embarrassed to do this under any circumstances.
4. Keep accounts, but keep them neatly. Illegible figures, sloppy writing are the causes of many mistakes, much distress.
5. Start early to teach your children to account for their allowance money, to write out checks. You can not suddenly shove the handling of money and budget-keeping at an adult and expect him to react with any degree of accuracy and ability.
6. Make up your mind to do a good job because of the need for self-improvement.

Faults—Psychologist Hildreth says: "Most people suffer from figures because of faulty early teaching. The average person's difficulty often can be traced to instructions in their mechanics too early in life and in too big doses."

Women, Doctor Hildreth points out, usually are not as good as men at figures.

More facts about numbers:

They are abstract rather than concrete symbols. They are arbitrary, and meaningful associations are hard to establish. They don't lend themselves readily to memory systems.

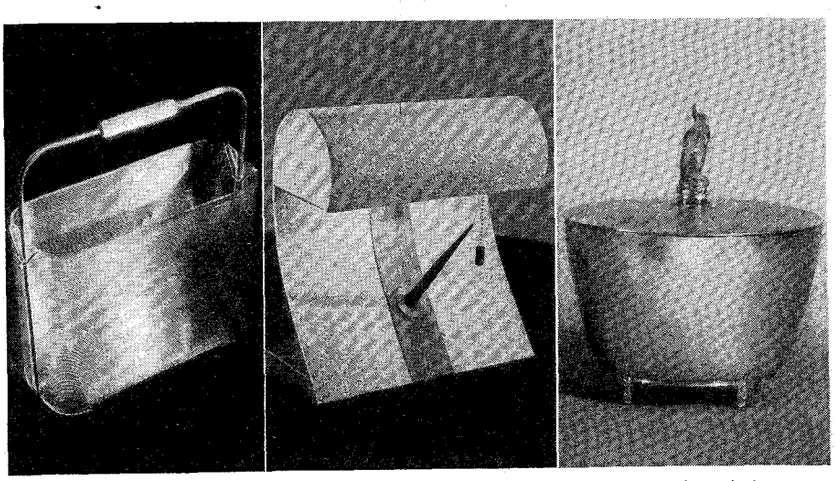
Five and ten are the most popular, the easiest numbers, to remember, because they represent your five or ten fingers, toes. Some people remember them by (a) seeing or having a visual picture of them, (b) hearing them, connecting them with sounds, (c) association, (d) feeling or sensing.

Most mistakes are made the last hour of the working day—because of fatigue.

Letters and Art

PARIS JUDGMENT: World Fair to See America's Products of Living Craftsmanship

Five men solemnly hunched their shoulders last week and plunged into a mass of photographs reaching high in front of them. They were pictures of everything from a jeweled button to a stained-glass window, the work of American designers and craftsmen, submitted for selection for



At Paris's International Exposition, observers will find simplicity of modern design in magazine holders of glass . . . desk sets of varicolored cork . . . unusual metal bowls

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Paris International Exposition opening on May 25.

Top-notch metal-workers, skilled potters, clever textile-designers produced graphic evidence that gave the judges a long, hard task before they decided finally on the 200-odd entries going to France. Of the five, each was a master of one branch of the crafts. D. Adelbert Hoerger, Chairman of the Selection Committee and outstanding metal-designer, insisted on that. "No one is fitted to judge an entry unless he himself is familiar with the material in which it is worked."

The judges looked specifically for five things: First, that intangible evidence of line and form that differentiates a simple object from a work of art. Originality and utility counted heavily. "Typically American in feeling" was another scoring-point and durability still another factor. Since commercial exhibits in another part of the Exposition will stress industrial design, this exhibition emphasized the works of individual designer-craftsmen, with commercial, quantity-production objects banned.

No Clutter—From such a varied source—any person styling himself a designer was free to submit an unlimited number of entries—the standard of the work was amazingly splendid Almost no claptrap cluttered up the several hundred photographs.

Most frequent entry was a bowl. In every conceivable medium and as many sizes and shapes, round, square and elongated bowls appeared, to hold anything from succotash to goldfish.

Furniture took up a sizable portion of the photographic pageant. Glass tables and composition-glass chairs came from designers in all parts of the country, who seemingly took hints from the H. G. Wells motion-picture, "Things to Come," wherein the majority of the sets and *décor* were transparent. One outstanding designer submitted nothing but cork appurtenances Suggested furnishings for an imposing executive's offices consisted of a cork desk, chairs, floor-covering, lamp-and-pen set in various shades and thicknesses of that material.

Craft Holiday—The jewelry was not of the type that would woo a girl who wanted to sparkle. Simple, conservative use of single metals—mostly silver and copper—or metals in combination showed originality and inspiration at little cost. Craftsmen for years have attempted to prove that jewelry, to be handsome and decorative, need not cost the proverbial king's ransom. This was their holiday and they made the most of it.

Few freak oddities sought consideration. The only object even slightly bordering on the surrealist was a rug of indefinite design, completely ungeometric, which promptly was thrown into the judicial waste-basket. Craftsmen, the judges found, generally were less concerned with the subconscious realism than their near relatives, the painters.

Despite what is bound to be a handsome showing, American craftsmen came within a hairbreadth of entirely missing out on the Exposition. Until the middle of last month, no sponsorship had been assigned to organize an exhibit. Then, with last-minute speed, the year-old Society of Designer-Craftsmen received the troublesome task, with less than a month to complete it.

Chairman Hoerger called on every member for cooperation All sorts of directories, from telephone books to "Who's Who," were culled and from these invitations were issued Museums were called upon to seek out local talent so that the selections would be representative of the entire country.

The response was heart-warming. Into headquarters well-known and unknown designers sent their best efforts, knowing that only one piece from each artist would be selected. For, like a series of doctorates tagging after a scholar's name, acceptance in international expositions is a hallmark of accomplishment which no artist can afford to pass up.

When the Exposition closes in November, all accepted entries will be for sale. The Executive Committee, certain that the quality of the work it is sending abroad deserves a just place beside the best that the Old World has to offer, predicts that few entries will find their way back home.

OFFICE ETIQUETTE: New Book Tells Pitfalls in Taking Out Fair Fellow Workers

Do you speak to 'higher-ups' in your office if you meet them at the movies? Can you invite a young woman fellow worker out after work? These questions go not to Emily Post but to Frances Maule, chief arbiter of business etiquette and author of "She Strives to Conquer" and "Men Wanted."

"Higher-ups," decides Arbiter Maule, are nodded to, not addressed after office hours. As for taking attractive young ladies out, it's risky and should be done only if the young woman is a business equal.

"Business etiquette," says the author, "is determined not by age sex, birth, culture, social position or wealth but simply and solely by rank, exactly as it is in the government service. the Army and the Navy."

No Toadying—Other questions that puzzle the office worker: If an office superior does something nice, should he be invited out to lunch, dinner, or the theater to show appreciation? The answer is an emphatic "no," because the implication is that your success rests on toadying to superiors and not on hard work

Should a shy business man ask a formal introduction to a young woman in his office before approaching her on a business matter? Again, Arbiter Maule says "no." After all, business is business. It can't be cluttered up with the formalities of social life.

Many a thriving young business man, happy with wife and children, is harassed by the problem of taking a secretary along on an out-of-town business trip. Should he do it, making an effort to obtain separate accommodations in different hotels, and to dine with other people?

"It's much more sensible," decides Frances Maule, "to act impersonally and avoid all the elaborate precautions that only arouse people's suspicions."

Caution—On the ticklish question of going over an immediate superior's head when it looks as if you were going to get a dirty deal, Author Maule's recommendation is qualified: "Only if you are convinced after most careful and impersonal examination that you will never get justice from his hands. Even so, it's a risk."

For every business problem, there's an

A UNION PACIFIC VACATION SUGGESTION

★

ZION-BRYCE-GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARKS

★

Zion . . . a veritable "rock garden of the Gods" with its towering temples and mighty monoliths.

Bryce Canyon . . . its grotesque formations so vividly colored as to be almost unreal.

Grand Canyon . . . breath-taking in size, mystic in its shifting lights and shadows.

• These Southern Utah and Northern Arizona wonderlands comprise a great *3-for-1* vacation offer; for Union Pacific has made it possible to see them all on one low cost tour. Equally important, rail fares are very low this summer.

In addition to Zion-Bryce-Grand Canyon National Parks, Union Pacific's cool, clean, air-conditioned trains also serve Yellowstone, Colorado, the Western Dude Ranch Country, California-Boulder Dam, the Pacific Northwest-Alaska. Mail coupon for complete information.

THE PROGRESSIVE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

W. S. Basinger, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 516, Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me information about_____

Name_____

Street_____

City_____State_____

☐ Also tell me about escorted all-expense tours

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

answer, and Frances Maule knows most of them. On new fields of opportunity, ways of getting jobs, means of advancement, her dictum is the latest, most authoritative.

Men Wanted. By Frances Maule. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; $2.) 290 pages.

DARK STAR: Edward the Exile's Sun Sets After Life That Shone Too Much

The pumpkin-shaped Coach of State rolled slowly toward Westminster Abbey on June 23, 1911. George V was to be crowned. Seven hundred thousand people watched eagerly. In the regal procession rode the Prince of Wales and his brothers: Albert, Henry, George and John. To the younger princes, the Coronation was a slow affair. They began to giggle and shove one another about. Then elder brother Edward, seventeen, took a hand. He firmly grabbed the miscreants and sat on them. The ceremony continued without unseemly conduct by the youngsters.

As the second Coronation of the twentieth century nears, Britain stirs uneasily, remembering the exiled Edward, who now himself has been so vigorously sat upon. In the long years after the World War, the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, was the shining star of the Empire. This week, Hector Bolitho, leading authority on the history of the royal family, recalls once more to the British public the figure of Edward-the-Worshiped.

Genesis—First consciousness of the now-exiled monarch came with great rejoicing when a son was born to the Duke and Duchess of York on June 23, 1894. A quiet childhood started. Then, Great-Grandmother Victoria died and Grandfather Edward became King. To little Edward, known as David, the ascendency of his grandfather was a happy event. He admired the bluff, hearty monarch. He liked his grandfather's free and easy palace much better than the kindly, if well-disciplined, home of his parents. Gay evening parties replaced his mother's pink teas.

When the King-grandfather gave young Edward a special party and a sword was presented to the Prince, some one thought to whisper to the child: "Say thank you." Young Edward expanded as he climbed onto a chair: "Thank you," he said, "for giving me such a beautiful sword. I shall always keep it and remember this night."

He was less eloquent after Grandfather Edward died, his father was crowned and he, as Prince of Wales, faced the Welsh people. For the first time in nineteen generations of princes, the Heir Apparent to the Throne spoke in Welsh. His tongue stumbled lamely over: "*Mor o gan yw Cymru i gyd*" ("All Wales is a sea of song"). Somehow he muddled through.

Poem of the Week

The Fall of the City

The Voice of the Messenger:
There has come the conqueror!
I am to tell you . . .
Be warned of this conqueror!
This one is dangerous!
Word has out-oared him.
East over sea-cross has
All taken—
Every country.
No men are free there.
Ears overhear them.
Their words are their murderers.
Judged before judgment
Tried after trial
They die as do animals:—
Offer their throats
As the goat to her slaughterer.
Terror has taught them this!

Now he is here!

From "The Fall of the City." By Archibald MacLeish. (New York: Farrar & Rinehart; $.50.)

Numbers—Back he went to school and, ultimately, to Oxford. There he faced his studies with little enthusiasm, spending his spare time and energies on the banjo, which he played until his housemates in Magdalen College hammered on the walls for silence. The dons who taught him murmured the Prince was no scholar, but Edward didn't care.

His royal enthusiasm was aroused, however, when the War came. He hounded Lord Kitchener until the Secretary of State for War was forced to give the Prince leave to go to France. Once across the Channel, he became a soldier. When the musketry instructor quizzed him one day about the parts of a rifle-bolt, Edward answered:

"I'm hanged if I remember, but I'll soon learn."

And he did. His energy was boundless. Men appointed to watch the Heir were in a continual frenzy. Where was the Prince? they asked one another continually. "A bad shelling will always produce the Prince of Wales or Llewellyn Jones," the Earl of Cavan decided wearily after a day of hunting for Edward. Llewellyn Jones was a raw-boned Welsh chaplain the Prince had met and the two were inseparable.

When the fire became too close about the future head of the Empire, the Prince was carted off to Egypt for an inspection of his realms. Italy was the second stop on the safety tour of the Prince. When, finally, he returned home, the War was over and there were long rows of hospital beds to visit. As Edward went to hospital after hospital he realized he was being shown only those patients slightly wounded. The Prince was indignant. "Let me see the other wards!" he said, sharply.

There was nothing for his guides to do. They took Edward to the rooms where men misshapen beyond recognition were lying. Edward approached one unfortunate, bent over and kissed the horribly torn face of the soldier.

Proverbs—"Time and tide wait for no man." With these words Edward came of age. War forces had made him a man fully aware of his duty to the Empire. The Prince of Wales announced his mission in life. He was going to visit all his people. First stop: Canada.

The Canadians were pleased to see the Heir Apparent. Americans were even happier. They showered Edward with ticker-tape, made speeches at him endlessly. When the Prince returned home, the Whitehall politicians were delighted with the results. In a few brief weeks, they had mapped out a new schedule of stops for Edward. In New Zealand, Edward was such a hit that a glum Labor Party member said: "Well, I'm no bloody royalist, but he looks such a decent sort we must give him a cheer."

And cheer they did. The Australians joined in. The Prince of Wales skipped from country to country. In India, the situation was more ominous. Everywhere, Gandhi had spread the word there was to be no welcome for the Prince. Arms were folded, shops were bannered: "No welcome for the Prince." But the Tide was too strong. Edward made conquests all over India.

The royal salesman put the Empire across in South America and Africa. When he returned to England he found himself estranged from his parents. His trips continued. He went in silence to the depressed areas of Wales. Finally, he pointed to a forlorn miner, saying: "That man. He hasn't any shirt under his coat."

Exodus—For this human touch, the English paid tribute to their Prince. When he became King they were convinced he would be a great ruler. Then, overnight, the Simpson affair leaked out. England

Fayer of Vienna and International News Photos

As her divorce neared, Wallis Simpson awaited time when she would be free to wed . .

H. R. H. the Duke of Windsor . . . and close the pages of a world-rocking story

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

divided quickly into two camps: the horrified and the loyal.

The Empire lived through a long nightmare. Then, on December 10, 1936, millions of Britishers tuned their radio sets and heard: "At long last, I am able to say a few words of my own—"

In a few minutes, it was all over. Edward had abdicated. The Empire sighed, paused and then exclaimed loudly: "Long Live the King! Long Live George VI!"

King Edward VIII. By Hector Bolitho. (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; $3.) 328 pages.

THUMBING THE BOOKS

Statesman—"Arthur James Balfour." — By Blanche E. C. Dugdale. (Putnam; 2 vols.; $10.) The first complete study of one of England's sturdiest beef-eating statesmen. Balfour was responsible for the disclosure of the secret treaties to Wilson, the present mix-up in Palestine. A thorough recording of all his deeds and thoughts.

Actress—"Theatre."—By W. Somerset Maugham. (Doubleday, Doran; $2.50.) In the best Noel Coward tradition a fine craftsman turns out a competent novel about the tried and true situation of a great actress and her loves. Well done but nothing more.

Germans—"Nights of an Old Child."—By Heinz Liepmann. (Lippincott; $2.50.) Post-War Germany was an unpleasant place to grow up in, and Liepmann shows why. He was an "old child" in those days, undernourished, devoid of any chance in life. His story is vivid and unforgetable.

English Craze — "Photocrimes." — By Mileson Horton and Thomas Pembroke. (Hillman-Curl; $1.65.) Over in England, the British are dividing their time between Coronation and photocrimes. Now, the American public can have its fun, too. Twenty-six crimes, each given two pages of photos, provide fresh excitement for the evening's reading.

Consumers—"More For Your Money."—By H. Bennett. (Chemical Publishing Company; $2.75.) A thorough, authoritative book on what to buy and how to buy it. Covers everything: food, wine, soaps, crockery, radios, apartments, furniture, clothes, cars—even life insurance.

Negroes — "The Negro Genius." — By Benjamin Brawley. (Dodd, Mead; $2.50.) The last ten years have seen a rising tide of interest in Negro stories, poetry and plays in America. Professor Brawley traces the history of artistic Negroes from the days of the Revolution in a painstaking, very complete study.

Wild and Wooly—"The West in American History."—By Dan Elbert Clark. (Thomas Y. Crowell; $3.50.) A rapid-fire account of the rise of the West from the first French and Spanish explorers through the closing of the frontier in 1896. Clear and interesting style makes the book even more vivid.

Heathen Chinee—"Living China."—By Edgar Snow. (Reynal & Hitchcock; $2.50.) This collection of modern Chinese short stories gives the Westerner his first glimpse into contemporary Occidental fiction. The stories are simple, profound, ranking with some of our good American work.

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

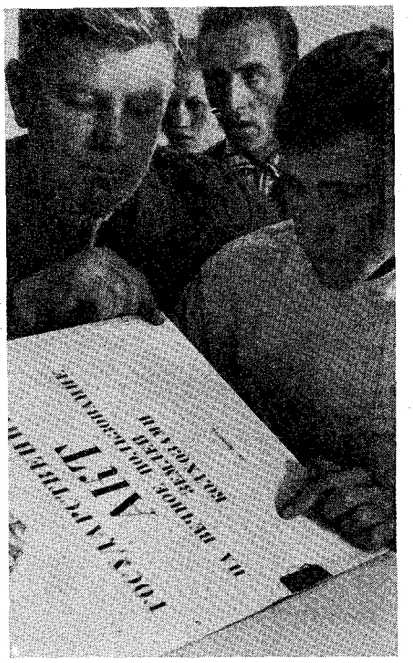
whoopee, R. I. P.!—Whether from Massinger's line from "Virgin Martyr," written in 1603, "I'll cry *Whoope!*", Kipling's Barrack-Room Ballad "Loot," published in 1892,—"*Whoopee!* Tear 'im puppy!", or Walter Winchell, *whoopee* is one of the tributes to our culture that has been placed on record in the lexicons.

Whoopee knocked at the door for admission. It was filed away, but was followed immediately by a large number of letters from correspondents from all over the country who wished to know what the term meant. We had been taught that it was an indefinite term used to describe the doings of men and women when they were in a state of superhilarity bordering on the tarantellian, in which the frenzy of the dance seemed to dominate the brain of the dancers and caused them to resort to all kinds of antics. Then came an investigation, and the history of the term revealed the fact that in the days when the Tudors came to the throne of England, *whoopee* was not unknown to the chase as a term used in urging the dogs to greater effort. But, *whoopee* meant more than this, and its meaning spread until the term was used as an urge for both man and beast, and was applied to horses as well as to men.

Women were not the first to make *whoopee*, and so it is ungallant to hint that they were pioneers, altho they may have introduced this catcall in their night clubs to enthuse the patrons. *Whoopee* earned its way into the dictionary, and *whoopee* will probably work its way out of it. Slang has that habit of living its little day; yet, *whoopee's* ancestry and record in literature warrant the place it has been given in the sun. It should have received it long ago, for a correspondent who lived in Oklahoma and Texas for more than twenty-five years informs the Lexicographer that he can remember *whoopee* being used in those States to denote exactly what it denotes to the New Yorker to-day. "Whenever the Tennessee or Kentucky mountaineers indulged overmuch in corn liquor," he adds, "all that one could get out of them in their happy mood was '*Whoopee!*'" When Western audiences applauded a joke or dance selection, they all yelled "*Whoopee!*" Even as this term is now recorded, the time may come when it may fall into innocuous desuetude.

"Whooping" is older even than the legends that have been told about King Arthur, for according to these, Merlin, the famous magician of Arthur's time, who was said to be the son of a Welsh princess and a fiend, "when he came nigh the lodge, he shot another bolt, and *whooped* to King Arthur!" This is to be found in the Old English Texts that are said to belong to the period of 1450. In 1530, John Palsgrave, chaplain to Henry VIII, gave vent to, "*Whooppe* aloud and thou shalt hear him blow his horn!"

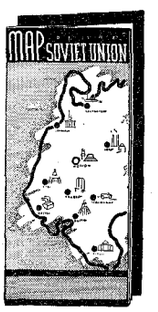
USSR



A wealth of interest awaits this season's Europe-bound traveler, in the Soviet Union. By any of the many trips that start at Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev and Odessa, the voyager may enjoy glorious scenic vistas, study ancient historic monuments, and observe the new life created by the many peoples of this largest country in the world. Evidences of the great strides forward made in the past two decades — gigantic factories, power plants, apartment developments, new cities, schools, hospitals, theatres — are visible wherever one goes . . . cruising down the Volga, motoring across the mighty Caucasus range, or sailing along the Black Sea Riviera to sunny Crimea and colorful Ukraine.

17th International Geological Congress —Moscow and Leningrad—July 20 to 29.

For Information apply to your travel agent . . .



A wide variety of itineraries is available at inclusive rates of $15 per day first class, $8 tourist, $5 third — providing all transportation on tour in the U.S.S.R., fine hotels, meals, sightseeing, and the services of trained guide-interpreters. For descriptive map and Booklet L-5 write to

INTOURIST, INC.

545 Fifth Avenue, New York

360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

756 So. Broadway, Los Angeles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEARS DON'T HUG, BUT RABBITS SWIM

Facts of Wild Life Are More Interesting Than the Fakes

*If you hold a guinea-pig by the tail, its eyes will drop out.**

Whether inspired by fun, fear or fancy, people, since time's beginning, have created for wild life as complex and inaccurate a structure of superstition as complicates their own civilization.

Typical is woman's dread of bats, long credited with a mischievous propensity for getting their repulsive selves hopelessly and horribly entangled in human hair.

But, says Iroquois Dahl, whose book, "1,001 Outdoor Questions" (Funk & Wagnalls Co., $2), was published last week, "bats are among the most accurate fliers in the world . . . when they're flying, they get tangled in nothing." A bat got in your wife's hair last summer? It was a mistake.

Reptiles—Tall tales tell of coachwhip snakes lashing people to death. Bunk. The coachwhip, fast, slender black-brown serpent found in Southern States, lifts the fore part of its body off the ground when traveling rapidly. *Ergo,* the whip stories. Actually, it's harmless.

Legend likewise has it that rattlesnakes won't cross a horsehair rope. Also bunk. The belief probably started in Mexico, where natives have saturated ropes with a poisonous decoction from the cevadilla plant and successfully kept rattlers away. The rope alone won't do the trick.

Rattlesnakes, by the way, are dangerous from the moment they're born. Pulling their fangs doesn't help for very long. They have from three to seven pairs of fangs in various stages of growth embedded in the cartilage of the upper jaw.

Don't believe the stories you read about horned toads living for years plastered in corner-stones. Experiments have shown that toads confined in blocks of limestone and sandstone failed to survive after thirteen months. Twelve months is the limit. And "horned toads" aren't toads at all: they're lizards.

Mammals—The yarns about grizzly bears hugging people to death are probably fictitious. Because of their build, they strike round with their paws as if grasping, and kill the victim by driving claws into the body. Grizzlies don't climb trees, either.

Because it is rated the sixth most intelligent mammal (the chimpanzee, orang-utan, elephant, gorilla and dog are smarter; the horse, sea-lion, bear and domestic cat are duller), the beaver gets credit for more brains than it really has. Beavers, most authorities believe, do not fell trees to drop where they want them. They just trust to luck.

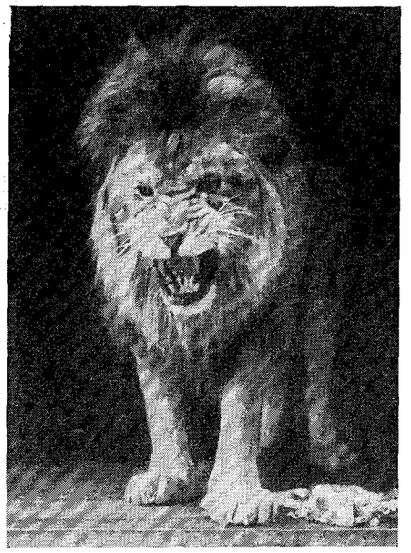
Nor do beavers, as once was thought, suck air from branches and sticks to make them sink to the bottom of the water. They wait until the wood is water-logged, then take it to the bottom.

Most people think rabbits can't swim. All closely allied species of cottontails are excellent swimmers. And the marsh (pontoon) and swamp (cane-cutter) rabbits are as active in water as muskrats.

Not all mammals bear their young alive. The water-mole (duck-billed platypus) and the porcupine ant-eater lay eggs and hatch them.

One common belief you'd better forget concerns skunks. Theoretically, a skunk can't spray you if you hold it by the tail with its feet off the ground. Don't try it: Field-workers have, with lamentable results.

The facts of wild life are more interesting than the fakes. Deer, for instance, except under unusual conditions, always run up-wind. The instinct is so strong that if you catch a young fawn and turn it down-wind, it immediately will face around and go off in the opposite direction.



Actue

Eyes of the hunter are set in front so that both may be focused on the object of desire

Pictures, Inc.

Eyes of the hunted look out from each side to increase range of vision and prevent disaster

As instinctively and inexplicably as horses hate camels, game-birds inherit the calls they use in love and business. Observation of birds hatched in incubators shows they don't learn the calls from the mother hen.

No one knows why, but all nut-eating animals such as squirrels and chipmunks refuse to open bad or rotten nuts. It's a question whether they sense the weight of the nut is wrong, whether they can see it is bad, or whether they can smell it.

Another unexplained instinct is the ability of some birds and animals to sense approaching rain or bad weather and show it by their actions. Bees become irritable and linger near their hives. Roosters crow during the evening or at other odd times. Spiders strengthen their webs. Ducks raise themselves on their toes and become noisy. Deer and oxen lift their noses, sniff the air and go into huddles Why?

In at least one respect, bears have more brains than human beings. When a man turns over a heavy stone, he usually pulls it toward him. A bear pushes the stone away from him, thereby saving many a broken toe-nail.

When a small-mouthed black bass takes a bait-minnow, he turns it around in his mouth before swallowing it. Why? Probably because he's learned it's easier to swallow a fish with the grain (scales) than against it.

Defense—Most animal instincts, naturally, spring from a motive of self-preservation. When a bob-white chick wants to hide, it often rolls over on its back and covers itself with a leaf held in position by the feet or bill.

Roosting on the ground, bob-whites often form a circle, with their heads outward, their breast-feathers blending in a perfect curve all the way around. Thus they can see danger approaching from every direction. In the nest, they pack their eggs end downward, to economize on space.

Most amusing and naïve method of escaping peril is the practise of pretending to be dead, employed by puff-adders and opossums. The best method of reviving a possum playing dead is to drop him in a pool of water.

If you want to go fishing and haven't any meat, bugs or worms, you can use macaroni for bait. Recipe: Dissolve two tablespoons of sugar in one-half pint of warm water. Add two tablespoons of carmine solution N.F. and stir well. Drop in a ten-cent package of macaroni and two or three spoons of grated stale cheese. Mix well, boil for five minutes, pour off the water and wrap the macaroni in oiled paper or silk so it won't harden. Cut in suitable lengths and use like worms.

There are approximately 10,000 salt and fresh water fish. Fish die out of water because of drying and adhesions of membranes in the gills.

Eyes—You can ordinarily distinguish between animals that hunt and animals that are hunted by their eyes. Wolves, foxes, lions, tigers, leopards, bears, dogs, cats and other animals that hunt have eyes developed frontally so that they may both be trained on an object at the same time.

Hunted animals, such as mice, deer, antelope, squirrels and rabbits, have eyes on each side of the head, increasing their range of vision.

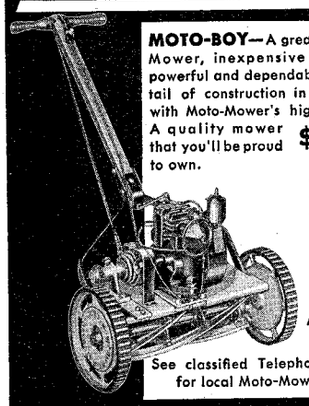
Owls are the only birds which don't have their eyes placed on each side.

To the layman, one of the most baffling arts is identifying animals and birds by their footprints. Unless wounded or disturbed, deer almost invariably place the hind foot in the track made by the front

*A guinea-pig has no tail.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moto-Mower



MOTO-BOY—A great little Moto-Mower, inexpensive but sturdy, powerful and dependable. Every detail of construction in strict accord with Moto-Mower's high standards. A quality mower that you'll be proud to own. **$76.50**

One of 15 Moto-Mower Models meeting every need and purse.

Write for illustrated Moto-Mower catalogue

See classified Telephone Directory for local Moto-Mower dealer.

THE MOTO-MOWER CO.
4606 WOODWARD AVE., DETROIT, MICH.

HOW TO LOSE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS

Self-conscious people are almost always superior people, but their sensitiveness takes the wrong direction—destroying charm, making social or business success difficult. Write for free outline of 7 causes responsible for this handicap, and description of plan that overcomes it.
SARA D. LLOYD, P.O. Box 405, Decatur, Illinois

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Win greater respect and success. Learn more, earn more. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 552-L, Chicago

TRAIN FOR A FINE HOTEL POSITION

Come to Washington. Qualify in 4 months for well-paid opportunities in Hotel and Institutional Field. Learn on modern hotel equipment. National Placement Service FREE. Day classes start Sept., Oct., Jan., Feb. Send for FREE book.
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, Div. RPG-1693, Washington, D. C.

The Policeman's Manual

BY GEORGE F. CHANDLER

Organizer and First Superintendent of Department, State Police of New York State; Organizer of the New York State School for Police; Member Crime Commission of New York State, etc.

A standard guide to the latest methods and duties of American Police. It describes not only how criminals are tracked and crimes are unraveled, but also discusses matters affecting public health and morals. What to do in accidents or deaths. Dying confessions. Making arrests. How private persons can make arrests. Differences in warrants and when some can not be served. What constitutes evidence. Court proceedings. Rights of prisoners. Finger-printing. Extradition. Traffic and parking.

"An indispensable aid to police officials, policemen, state, county and city executives, and all men and women interested in the welfare of the public."—*Burlington* (Vt.) *Free Press.*

Cloth bound, 162 pages, $1.25; by mail, $1.39

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers
354 Fourth Ave. New York, N Y.

Enjoy Swift Train Travel In Comfort...Take—

Look at your Skin
Is it Pimply, Red Blotchy and Rough?
If so use
Cuticura

Coats—The most durable fur used for clothing is otter. One of the most expensive is silver fox. During the silver-fox-farming craze, a pair of the animals brought $34,000.

You'd better be careful about stealing birds' nests or eggs in the woods. If they happen to belong to migratory birds, you'll be violating Federal law.

Nature helps protect eggs not only by coloring but by shaping them appropriately. Eggs laid by deep-nesting birds are absolutely oval or round. But bobwhite, grouse and other birds that lay their eggs on the ground without constructing much of a nest, lay an egg that is round at one end and pointed at the other. Reason: If disturbed or blown by the wind, the eggs will tend to roll in a circle.

Many experts believe birds have no sense of smell. The Maryland yellowthroat, for example, often builds its nest in the heart of a foul-smelling skunk-cabbage. Birds do have an acute sense of hearing. But when you see a robin peck at the earth, then cock its head to one side, it probably isn't listening for the worm. Chances are it's just taking a better look.

To a certain extent, birds can inhale air through broken bones. They require more oxygen than any animal.

That's why birds, particularly canaries, are used to detect impure air in mines or gas in trenches.

Taxidermy—If your pet duck dies and you have it mounted, don't use soap and water for the bath it will require now and then. Rub down the feathers with the inside crust of freshly-baked bread.

Wash the beak and feet with a brush dipped in turpentine.

The fastest living thing—animal, bird, fish or insect—is the deer bot-fly, theoretically capable of a speed greater than 800 miles an hour.

The most intemperate is the flying fox (bat) of the Far East, which frequently gets drunk on toddy which it obtains from coconut-trees.

Names—One of the most confusing problems in the American ornithological, mammalogical, ichthyological and herpetological worlds is faulty nomenclature. According to Chicago's Field Museum of Natural History, early settlers spotted many new birds and animals and carelessly gave them names of creatures they had known at home. The names were wrong, but they stuck.

A robin, for instance, really isn't a robin at all. It's a thrush. The true robin is a small British bird, about one-third the size of ours, and only distantly related. Both species have a red breast, tho.

The so-called American oriole really is a blackbird, unrelated to the true Old World orioles. Our meadow-lark actually is a blackbird, too. The bird we call an English, or house, sparrow, doesn't even come close to being a sparrow. It's a species of

Can't HEAR?

YOU CAN...WITH Western Electric HEARING AID

YOU'LL find the Western Electric Audiphone—designed by sound-transmission experts at Bell Telephone Laboratories—a *real* hearing aid. You can have air or bone conduction—whichever enables you to hear most clearly. A dealer, trained in the use of an Audiometer, will test your hearing and fit you properly.

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO., Graybar Bldg., New York.
Please send details on Western Electric Audiphone and name of nearest dealer. LD-30

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

To California

THRU THE ROCKIES • NOT AROUND THEM

2 DAYLIGHT SCENIC ROUTES

VIA ROYAL GORGE OR MOFFAT TUNNEL

The SCENIC LIMITED

is air-conditioned thruout—coaches, diners, tourist and standard Pullmans, lounge-observation cars.....Ultra-smart travel service is combined with luxurious economy.....3 tasty meals for as little as 90c per day in coaches and tourist cars....Vacation fares are low.

You want to know and we want to tell you all about the spectacular scenery which distinguishes the route of the Scenic Limited from all other American railroads. Your request will bring complete information.

MISSOURI PACIFIC LINES
1607 Missouri Pacific Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
DENVER & RIO GRANDE WESTERN R. R.
257 Equitable Bldg., Denver, Colo.,
WESTERN PACIFIC R. R.
957 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

GET THIS BOOK FREE

Mail This Coupon to Any of the Above Offices.
Please send me "The Scenic Way Across America."
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crime, Crooks and Cops

By AUGUST VOLLMER and ALFRED E. PARKER

A real "insider," one of the foremost criminologists, tells us how many of the great criminal cases of our time have been scientifically solved. Thrills to satisfy even the most jaded detective story fan.

"As fascinating as crime fiction, this volume gives graphic details of some of the noted criminal cases of recent years, presents facts about the methods enforcement officers use to overcome criminals."—*Kansas City Star.*

$2.00; by mail, $2.14

At All Bookstores, or from
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
Publishers
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Business World Needs Men—*NOW*

MEN WANTED

By Frances Maule

Author of "She Strives to Conquer"

Here, in detail, is what men on the hiring-and-firing lines of the great corporations want in the young men they will hire. For the first time since the depression, men are wanted. The "lag" in personnel forces, created by depression economies, is now beginning to be felt as an actual employment crisis. Business and industry alike are looking for young people having the right qualifications—not to shelve into mere run-of-the-mill positions but to groom for junior executives, and, ultimately, the highest positions executives have to offer. But only to those having the right qualifications. The reservoirs of the *unqualified* are still full to overflowing.

The New Opportunities

In answer to requests from teachers, personnel directors, and vocational counselors, Frances Maule has written this book, pointing out to young men where the new opportunities lie, and what qualifications are required to take advantage of them. *Just published.*

$2.00; by mail, $2.14

At All Bookstores, or from
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
Publishers
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE BABY AND GROWING CHILD

By LOUIS FISCHER, M.D.

In this completely up-to-date book by a famous baby specialist, will be found not only a daily guide for the feeding and health-care of the child, but practical answers to many questions that may arise when the doctor is not at hand.

"A book a mother can ill afford to do without,"—says *The Express*, Portland, Maine. And the *Boston Globe* calls it "an excellent handbook for young mothers."

Cloth, $1.50; $1.64, post-paid.

At all Bookstores, or from the Publishers
FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

weaver-bird, an immigrant first brought from Europe in 1850.

Florida has twisted lots of names around. For instance, they have a turtle which they call a gopher. And they have a gopher which they call a salamander. And a salamander which they call a Congo eel.

The little animal known as a prairie-dog in the West is a ground-squirrel. In Illinois, a ground-squirrel goes under the pseudonym of gopher. What we call a ground-hog isn't even a cousin of the pig, but is a ground-squirrel or woodchuck. The classic example of misnomers among animals is the American buffalo, which actually is a bison and quite distinct from the true buffalo of Africa and Asia.

Fish have acquired some fancy, and inaccurate, appellations. The black-bass is a sunfish, not a true bass. In the South, for some reason, they call the big-mouthed variety of bass a trout.

The sea-trout passes for a char in Labrador and for a croaker along the Atlantic Coast from New Jersey to the Gulf of Mexico.

What properly is called a wall-eyed pike in Wisconsin and Michigan waters is considered a salmon and a trout in the Susquehanna region of the East. In Canada they have named the wall-eyed pike a pickerel. Down in Florida, with rare inventiveness, they have dubbed it a "snook."

Sports

THEY'RE OFF: Bourbon, Belles, Blue-Grass, Ballyhoo, Built Derby's "Fabulous" Fame

Without ballyhoo, the sixth event on Kentucky's Churchill Downs Track this Saturday afternoon would be just another horse-race.

Because adroit publicity has garnished its two-minute existence with the Bourbon, belle and blue-grass tradition of Dixie, the sixth at Churchill Downs, better known as the Kentucky Derby, is the most famous race in this country.

Not the least interesting aspect of Kentucky's sixty-three-year-old classic for three-year-old colts and fillies is the fact that two men whose names have been associated most closely with it are Irishmen: Matt Joseph Winn, seventy-four, and Edward Riley Bradley, seventy-seven, both Kentucky colonels.

Colonel Winn, fat, genial General Manager of Churchill Downs, has seen every Kentucky Derby since the first, in 1875, and, in thirty-five years of promoting it, has built up its prestige from "fair" to "fabulous," its purse from $4,850 to $50,000-plus.

Colonel Bradley, spare, austere-looking owner of the 1,000-acre Idle Hour farm at Lexington, Kentucky, and the celebrated Beach Club gambling-casino at Palm Beach, Florida, is the only man who ever has won four Kentucky Derbies.

B's—To Behave Yourself (1921), Bubbling Over (1926), Burgoo King (1932) and Broker's Tip (1933)—the names of all Bradley horses start with B—the Colonel this year hopes to add another Derby winner in Brooklyn. Brooklyn's sire, Blue Larkspur, considered by Bradley the greatest thoroughbred he has owned in thirty-nine years of racing, bogged down in the mud of the 1929 Derby and finished sixth.

To prove his confidence in a colt which, two years ago, he put up for auction at the Saratoga yearling sales, then bought back himself for $20,000, the Colonel has bet $10,000 against $11,000 with Jerome H. Louchheim, owner of the winter-book favorite, Pompoon, rated at four to one.

Louchheim bought Pompoon at Saratoga for $2,000. Last year, the light bay colt won six of his eight races, including the celebrated Belmont Futurity, and finished second in the other two. For himself, Pompoon won the title "champion two-year-old of 1936." For his owner, he won $83,420, or better than forty times his purchase price.

To win the Derby and Colonel Bradley's $10,000 for Owner Louchheim, Pompoon will have to overcome at least three jinxes. First, winter-book favorites have not been notably successful at Louisville. Last year Joseph E. Widener's Brevity, heaviest anterace favorite in Derby history, was jostled at the start and lost by a head to Bold Venture.

The second Pompoon jinx involves the race which made him last year's champion. No Belmont Futurity winner has won the Derby.

Third, like Brooklyn, Pompoon's sire, Pompey, failed to finish in the money at Louisville.

Big Four—Largely by reason of his six-length victory in the Chesapeake Stakes at Havre de Grace, Maryland, two weeks ago, the third of this year's "Big Four" Derby favorites is Samuel D. Riddle's War Admiral, a son of the famous Man o' War. War Admiral won three of his six starts last year, and earned $14,800.

Rated at six to one last week with Brooklyn and War Admiral was Reaping Reward, who, in 1936, more than justified his name by winning $56,965. Reaping Reward won only five out of fifteen starts. But one of his victories, the $36,850 New England Futurity at Narragansett Park, saw him defeat the great Pompoon.

Reaping Reward was bought in 1935 for $5,000 by Mrs. Ethel V. Mars, of Chicago, who last year became the second woman owner in American turf history to lead the country in money won. The first was Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane, whose Brookmeade Stable in 1934 won $251,138, almost half ($111,235) of which was earned by the sensational Cavalcade.

Mrs. Mars's Milky Way Farm Stable (named after the chocolate confection which vastly helped build the huge fortune established by her husband, the late Frank C. Mars) first hit the head-lines in 1934, when she bought $17,000 worth of yearlings at Saratoga.

In 1935 she bumped the ante to $109,800, in 1936 to $131,500.

Long Shots—Fastest runner, if not the biggest money-winner of the Milky Way string last year, was Case Ace, who was retired with a bruised knee in August after earning $37,765 with three wins out of four starts. Case Ace was nominated for this year's Derby, last week was held at fifty to one.

At twenty-five to one was No Sir, which, whether or not it starts on Saturday, already is distinguished as the first Derby nominee ever owned and trained by a woman. She is Mary Elizabeth Hirsch, twenty-four, daughter of the famous trainer, Max Hirsch, who trained last year's winner, Bold Venture.

An attractive brunette, Mary Hirsch, for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all her 104 pounds, is an extraordinarily skilled horsewoman, a trainer of better-than-average ability. In 1935, the Jockey Club gave her the first trainer-license it ever has granted to a woman, entitling her to race her own horses on virtually any track in the world.

Mary Hirsch went to Marymount College, Tarrytown, New York; Chevy Chase School, Chevy Chase, Maryland, and Scudder School, New York City. She has ridden and handled horses from the time she learned to walk. No Sir has started in sixteen, won three races for her

History—Since May 7, 1875, when a "little red horse" named Aristides won the first race and a purse of $2,850 in a field of fifteen starters, the Kentucky Derby has been run sixty-two times without a break. Only twenty-eight of the sixty-two favorites have won.

From 1875 through 1896, the distance was a mile and one-half. Since 1897, it has been a mile and one-quarter. Fastest time for the latter distance is 2 minutes 1⅘ seconds, set in 1931 by Mrs. Payne Whitney's Twenty Grand.

The longest price ever paid on a Derby winner was $91.45 for $1, the odds on Donerail, in 1913. Bold Venture last year paid $43 for $2.

The shortest-priced winners were Hindoo, in 1881, and Halma, in 1895, both one to three favorites.

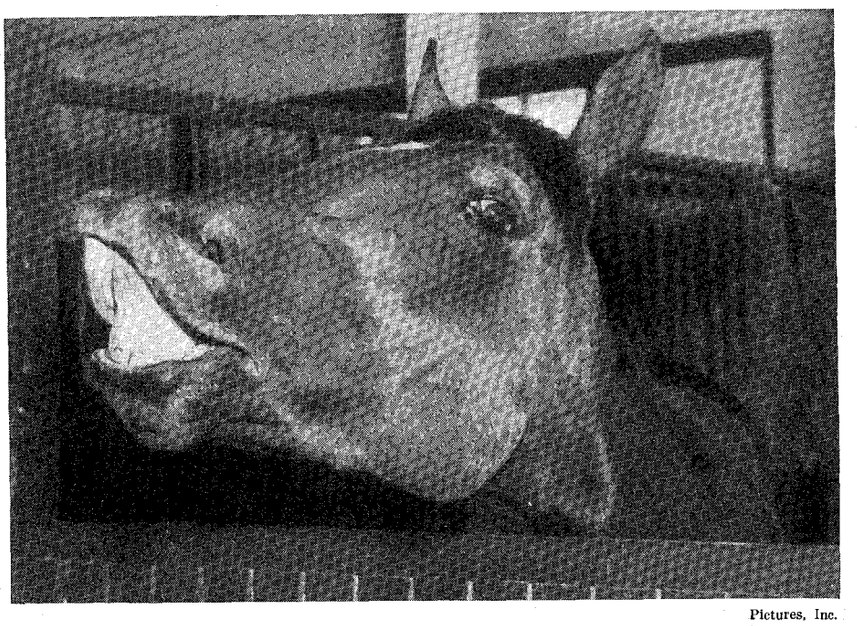
Only two jockeys have ridden three Derby victors. Isaac Murphy, old-time colored rider, booted Buchanan home in 1884, Riley in 1890 and Kingman in 1891. Earl Sande came through on Zev in 1923, Flying Ebony in 1925 and Gallant Fox in 1930.

Only three sons of Derby winners have won. Alan-a-dale, 1902 winner, was sired by Halma, the 1895 victor. In 1932, Burgoo King, a son of Bubbling Over (1926), won. In 1935, Omaha repeated the victory his sire, Gallant Fox, had scored in 1930.

Regret, the 1915 winner, was the only filly to capture the Derby. Of the 103 horses nominated for this year's renewal, only six (Lucky Pledge, Dawn Play, Maecloud, Virginia J., Miss Europe and Rifted Clouds) are fillies. Probably none will start on Saturday.

When a horse is nominated for the Derby, its owner puts up $25, which goes into the pool. This year's nominating fees, therefore, totaled $2,575. To start a horse costs another $500. This year, probably twenty, possibly twenty-four of the 103 original nominees will go to the post.

Added to the pot built up by nomination and entry fees is $50,000. The winner gets $40,000. Six thousand dollars goes to the second horse, $3,000 to the third and $1,000 to the fourth. Altogether, if twenty horses start, first money this year will total something in excess of $50,000.



Pictures, Inc.

Case Ace, less polite, blatantly sounds a horse-laugh to all opposing contenders

SPORT SHOTS

Swords—On the dueling-strips of the New York Athletic Club in Manhattan last week, former champions in all three divisions regained their titles as the forty-sixth annual tournament of the Amateur Fencers' League of America concluded the sport's five-month season.

In the foils event, Olympic fencing captain Joseph L. Levis, of Boston's Salle d'Armes Peroy, won four of his five bouts in the round-robin finals to win back the title he held in 1929, 1932, 1933 and 1935.

New saber champion of the country is former (1931, 1932, 1933) title-holder John R. Huffman, research chemist at Columbia University, who ended the three-year monopoly of Norman C. Armitage.

Most spectacular reversal of form was demonstrated by Lt. Thomas J. Sands, slender West Point artillery officer, who had lost his national *épée* championship last year without winning a bout. In recovering the title, Lieutenant Sands was the only finalist to win all five bouts.

* * *

Unmixed — Received by Wellesley (Mass.) College last week was a challenge from the second crew of Harvard University's Lowell House for a "mixed" boat-race on a lake at the girls' school.

Politely spurning the challenge, Miss Ruth Elliott, Chairman of Wellesley's Department of Hygiene and Physics, said: "Boys ought to be boys."

* * *

Deadlier—Not many American bleacherites give much thought to the sex of baseball-bats. Male or female, a baseball-bat is a baseball-bat.

Not so in England. For almost as close to a Briton's heart as his interest in International matches is his prejudice against a male cricket-bat.

The true cricket-bat is made of willow (*saxa alba*, variety *cærulea*), which, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is a female tree. A good female *saxa alba*, variety *cærulea*, will bring from $30 to $50. But manufacturers of cricket-bats won't buy a male tree. Reason: a male tree is not as strong, its grain not as perfect.

* * *

Frogs—Between 25,000 and 30,000 people will jam the main street of Angels Camp, California, May 15 and 16, for the ninth annual International Jumping Frog Jubilee.

Commemorating Mark Twain's celebrated "Jumping Frog of Calaveras," more than 200 hand-picked frogs will attempt to smash the world record of thirteen feet, three inches, set in 1932 by Budweiser, owned by Louis Fisher of Stockton, California.

© International

Pompoon, Kentucky Derby favorite, sticks out his tongue in confident dignity . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUT OF MARKET WHILE GOING'S GOOD

Cautious Investors Fear Stocks Have Hit Peak, Dump Holdings

Last week's business news was as crammed with bullish, boom-time developments as a Yule stocking with peppermint. Steel furnaces roared at 92 per cent. capacity, spewed 1,209,000 tons of ingots—the highest weekly production in history; first quarter earnings of 142 industrial corporations topped those of the similar 1936 period by 46 per cent.; despite floods and strikes, automobile men had chalked up record car-and-truck sales in March; in the same month, cigarette producers had rolled more "smokes" than in any other previous month.

Yet the stock market nose-dived, wiped out $250,000,000 security values. From its high of 126½ on March 11, United States Steel common, for example, toppled to 98¾—its first dip below par (100) since February.

In one day during the uneasiness, Homestake Mining Company (gold) shares plummeted twenty-four points.

Unloaders—Since the sharpest security collapse early last week followed an anti-speculation warning by President Roosevelt, hasty financial writers were quick to seize upon the President's strictures as the dominant reason for the market's tumble. It soon developed, however, that the President's warning played a relatively minor rôle in the scramble to unload securities. More alert observers wanted to know who was doing the unloading.

Sellers, it appeared, were the big institutional investors—investment trusts and managers and trust companies—and foreign holders of American securities. The important rôle of the institutional investor indicated that the small individual investor of 1929 seemingly no longer relied on his own judgment, but was placing his funds with institutions that managed them for him.

Why were these institutions selling right in the midst of the recovery cycle? The answer is that the analysts employed by the big institutions, unlike most individual investors, know that the rosiest phase of the security cycle is likely to be the phase *preceding the storm.*

The fact that business was approaching a peak was enough, odd as it may seem, to cause institutional investors to start turning their securities into cash.

Background—Behind the investment trusts' and investment managers' decisions to cash in their holdings were other considerations about which the small investor seldom troubles his head.

Analysts hired by institutional investors, for example, have worried about the gold flood to this country, have realized uneasily that the Treasury can not continue to borrow and buy the yellow metal indefinitely.

Analysts also are impressed by the Government's efforts to stem credit expansion, are convinced that Government spending in excess of income is tapering off, may stop altogether in the relatively near future. Termination of deficit financing would write *finis* to the era of expanding bank-deposits (created by sales of Government bonds to banks). It also might see the beginning of public debt retirement, a step which would contract deposits and, in turn, depress stocks.

Fears—Security analysts have not been unaware of the collapse in the commodity boom. They therefore cock their ears to the renewed talk of peace and economic conferences in Europe and realize that the dissipation of war fears may induce foreigners to repatriate their funds.

Acting on these convictions, big investors had unloaded their securities slowly over several weeks. Two developments proved some of their fears well founded. Gold shares toppled in the near-panic selling in South Africa, Amsterdam and London. Speculation in commodities forced European brokerage houses to unload American securities.

These developments exploded in the middle of the week with a rumbling security crash in foreign markets. In London the break was the severest in six years. At least one London firm dealing in American and South African stocks was forced to the wall, which accentuated the dumping of securities into Wall Street.

RED PARADOX: Tho Russia Is Communistic, Proletarians Are "Capitalists"

From the pens of Communist Commissars themselves, American business men interested in the potentially rich Russian market last week had a bird's-eye view of what makes Soviet business enterprises tick. The bird's-eye view was spread over an eighty-page, picture-studded, Soviet-American trade supplement published by New York's 110-year-old, conservative *Journal of Commerce.*

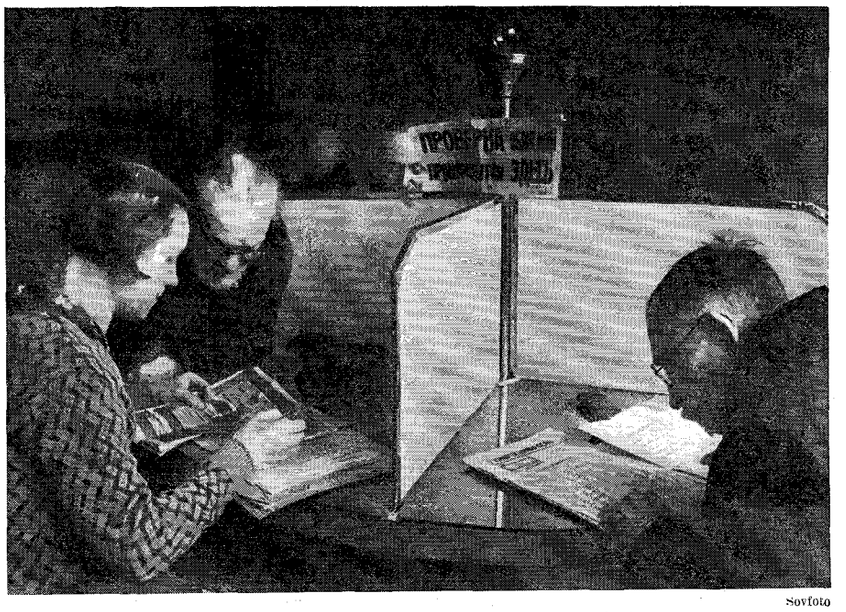
Business men thumbing through the engaging essays on the Russian economic scene raised their brows at a Bolshevik Russia which boasts chain and department stores that drum up trade with newspaper and radio advertising. They read of a Communist insurance trust that sells life insurance *via* traveling salesmen who work on a three per cent. commission, of industry that finances itself like any capitalist industry by selling bonds to the public, of a banking system that clings to "sound money" like a chorus-girl clings to mink, that self-righteously abjures the "radical" managed-currency experiments of conservative capitalist countries.

In 1936, American industry sold Russia a modest $33,427,000 of machine-tools, tractors, oil-refinery equipment, forging-machines. *The Journal of Commerce* looked back, however, to 1930, when the Soviet bought $114,398,000 of goods in America; looked forward to the inauguration of Russia's third Five-Year Plan, and figured the time ripe to interest American business men in helping themselves to potential Russian trade. It dispatched its Editor, Jules I. Bogen, to Moscow. For six weeks, Doctor Bogen, who, at thirty-four, is a professor of finance at New York University, busily pumped the hands of high and low Soviet officialdom, bustled among the commissariats, returned with a trunkful of revealing essays on Soviet industry and finance.

Exception—The essay on Communist merchandising, for example, informed the American retailer that Russian stores are organized like big-time American chain and department shops, with the ever-present exception that the Government owns the stores.* Czarist Russia knew only three department ("universal") stores. Bolshevik Russia boasts twenty, soon will have twenty-nine—all owned by an all-Soviet merchandising trust.

Conservative American bankers, critical of New Deal managed-currency and credit-manipulation activities, found that the Communist banking system is reactionary in comparison. Communist bankers have divorced their central bank from government financing, do not permit the State bank to invest in government bonds. (U. S.

*The important general difference between Russian Communism and American Capitalism is that the Russian Government is one vast holding company, controls all Soviet enterprises which head up in great monopolies or "trusts." American industry is organized chiefly in competing corporations whose shares are held by the public.



Sovfoto

Russian banks hum with activity . . . special departments keep constant check on bond transactions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Federal Reserve System banks buy government securities in the open market as a means of manipulating credit and interest rates.) Communist bankers also follow the ultraconservative policy of limiting bank-loans to self-liquidating transactions involving actual shipments of goods. (As against U. S. loans on securities.) Loans are limited strictly to three months.

Mistakes—What happens if a borrower defaults? The borrowers, of course, are State-owned business enterprises. The borrower does not go bankrupt, but the delinquency is reported by the bank to Planning Commission executives and the managers of the borrowing corporations lose their jobs and perhaps their freedom.

For long-term needs, Russian industry raises money like any capitalist industry: by selling bonds. The public subscribes to the loans and Communist workers become capitalists, receive interest on surplus capital. Or, the worker can place his savings in a savings-bank, receive 3 per cent. interest. In January, 1936, Russian savings-banks held the deposits of 14,046,000 savers; average savings-account in Moscow was 444 rubles ($88.80).

Insurance men studying Communist insurance find that protection against property and life losses is sold by the State Insurance Department, whose job is relatively easy because much Soviet insurance is obligatory. On households of collective owners, for instance, peasants must take fire insurance, whether they want to or not. Fifteen per cent. of agricultural insurance premiums are spent on prevention propaganda. Lax insurance customers found guilty of negligence in property damage are likely to find that they not only do not receive insurance, but may land in a cell as well.

STEAMED UP: New York Corporation Profits by Supplying Steam to Vast Clientele

In Times Square last week, New Yorkers craned their necks to glimpse a flaming, neon-lighted dragon which sprawled across a four-story high movie-sign and advertised "The Good Earth." Raptly, the neck-craners studied the dragon, nudged their neighbors in excitement as the nostrils spurted live steam.

What the neck-craners did not know was that producing steam for dragons (and for heating and other less spectacular uses) had yielded snug profits to a Manhattan company which for fifty-four years has found it good business to be getting up steam all the time.

Getting up steam for some 2,000 clients in New York City's Borough of Manhattan last year netted the New York Steam Corporation $843,000 of profits on $11,443,465 of sales. Last week, it appeared New York Steam was puffing its last hot breath as an independent corporation, would soon be swallowed by the giant Consolidated Edison Company, purveyor of gas and electricity to millions of New Yorkers.

Published reports set the Consolidated Edison down as having acquired nearly all the 95 per cent. of New York Steam common shares which it needed under the law to merge the steam company with its properties. Already, New York Steam had moved its offices into the building occupied by the big utility.

New York Steam's chief job is, like that

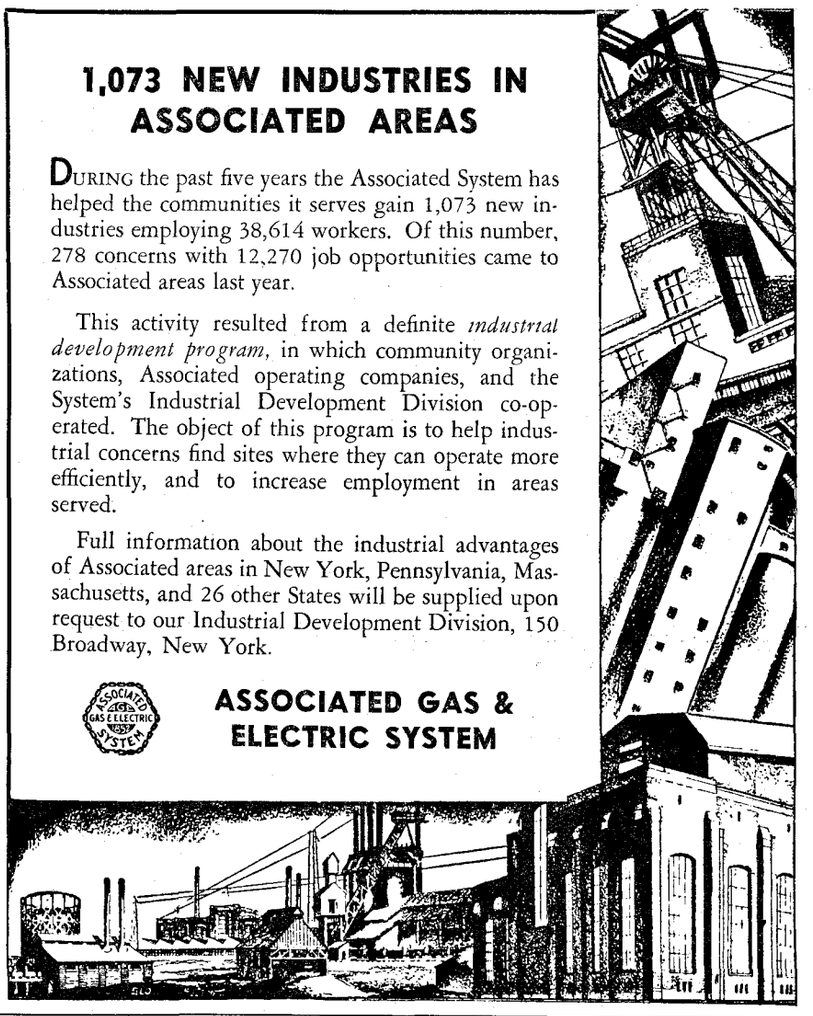
1,073 NEW INDUSTRIES IN ASSOCIATED AREAS

DURING the past five years the Associated System has helped the communities it serves gain 1,073 new industries employing 38,614 workers. Of this number, 278 concerns with 12,270 job opportunities came to Associated areas last year.

This activity resulted from a definite *industrial development program,* in which community organizations, Associated operating companies, and the System's Industrial Development Division co-operated. The object of this program is to help industrial concerns find sites where they can operate more efficiently, and to increase employment in areas served.

Full information about the industrial advantages of Associated areas in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and 26 other States will be supplied upon request to our Industrial Development Division, 150 Broadway, New York.

ASSOCIATED GAS & ELECTRIC SYSTEM



Warden Lawes Says:

"Every officer on the police force, as well as all aspirants for appointment should make a thorough study of it"—*Lewis E. Lawes* in "*Survey.*"

MODERN CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION

By Deputy Chief Inspector John J. O'Connell and Dr. Harry Söderman

Preface by Lewis J. Valentine, Police Commissioner. City of New York

A text book on police science, particularly crime detection, written by two of the great specialists in the field Illustrated with 50 half-tones and numerous line drawings and diagrams.

Every Law Enforcement Official Should Read It

"That every law enforcement official should read it goes without saying. And if every writer of detective story fiction, every playwright, every script-author would give it the attentive study it deserves, perhaps there would be fewer unfair book, stage, and screen caricatures of the modern cop."—*Courtney Ryley Cooper* in the *Saturday Review of Literature*

Ahead of Present Day Methods

". . . the common-sense and practical instruction contained in it is truthfully a step in advance of the present day police procedure . . . this book should be secured by every police official."—*George Black, Secretary, International Association of Chiefs of Police.*

For Detective Fans

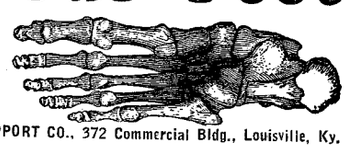
"Here, with many illustrations, diagrams, mathematical formulae, chemical tests, tables of guns and poisons, and descriptions of characteristic crimes, is precisely that mass of factual information which the true or scientific detective fan adores above all else."—*Washington, D. C. Post.*

Cloth bound. 477 Pages. $3.00; by mail, $3.14

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Save Your Feet

When all else fails, end suffering with flexible, no-metal, HEEFNER Arch Supports that correct and support weak, sagging arches.



WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

HEEFNER ARCH SUPPORT CO., 372 Commercial Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of steam corporations in six other cities,* to send live steam hurtling at 200 miles an hour in underground pipes to sky-scrapers, Turkish baths, post-offices, railroad-terminals. New York Steam also engages in more dramatic activities.

For imaginative showmen of the Radio City Music Hall, New York Steam prepared a climactic steam effect. Across the block-wide stage, plumbers laid a perforated pipe, connected it to New York Steam mains. At the wave of a stage-magician's wand, a curtain of steam hissed from the floor to the high ceiling, shocked movie-goers into wild applause. About a Negro choir equipped with angels' wings, New York Steam obligingly spouted steam clouds, presented the illusion of a scene from "The Green Pastures."

Familiar to Broadway habitués for three years was the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company sign, replete with twelve-foot wide coffee-cups which steamed convincingly with "hot coffee." The sign consumed 500,000 pounds of steam annually.

Familiar to Metropolitan Opera-goers is the dragon which annually belches steam at the Wagnerian hero *Siegfried*. Back of both spectacles are New York Steam Corporation plumbers.

Prized Customers—Most-prized customers of New York Steam, however, are apartment-houses, department stores, office-buildings. These customers pay $1 a thousand pounds of steam. Small users such as tailor shops, barbers, Turkish baths pay $1.90 a thousand pounds, with one-fifth off for steam consumed during the summer.

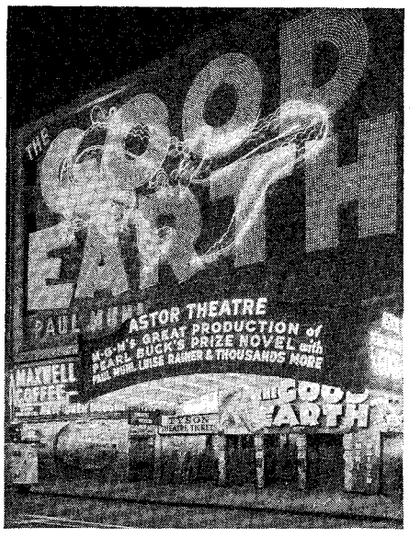
Biggest customer of all is the New York Central Railroad Company, which buys steam from New York Steam Corporation, sells it back to the cluster of buildings which lease the New York Central's land and air rights in the Grand Central Terminal area. Obtaining their steam through the New York Central are the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, the Biltmore, the Commodore.

Other customers comprise a Who's Who of New York finance and industry. They include the New York Stock Exchange, the 102-story Empire State Building, the seventy-seven-story Chrysler Building and the New York City General Post-Office.

To meet customers' requirements, New York Steam maintains six plants on the East River water-front. One of the smaller giant boilers maintained there could keep five Empire State Buildings warm on a midwinter's day. During a peak load, the boilers require 5,500,000 pounds of water—equal to the hourly water consumption of a city such as Springfield, Massachusetts.

Giant Appetite—Like an insatiable giant, New York Steam Corporation devoured 750,000 tons of soft and hard coal last year, washed this down with one-half of one per cent. of all the water used in New York City annually. For this water, New York Steam paid the City Government $350,000, which is almost one per cent. of the city's total water revenues. When hard pressed, as it was on a fourteen-degree-below-zero day in 1934, New York Steam's giant boilers can produce more than 7,250,000 pounds of steam an hour—enough to drive 250 *Twentieth Century Limiteds* at full speed for an hour.

*Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Detroit and Philadelphia steam companies are all controlled by gas and electric utilities.



Consolidated Edison Co. of N. Y., Inc.

Steam was bought by the pound so a neon-tube dragon could belch vapors over Times Square

From the six central plants, the steam hisses forth into Manhattan's underworld maze of mains and cables at a pressure of 175 pounds a square inch. One of the things that gets the company's executives most steamed up is the difficulty encountered in squeezing its forty-eight miles of steam pipes between the spider-web coils of gas and water mains, telegraph and telephone cables spun seven feet beneath the sidewalks of New York. At a point beneath Times Square, the city's utilities have squeezed their pipes so closely from curb to curb that a pencil can not be inserted between them.

To supply steam in a community whose weather may be balmy one day and wintry the next requires a forecaster. So the company has converted its engineer in charge of operation and maintenance into a sort of weather-man.

Daily, Edward Lenz, who is tall and bald, studies the United States Weather Bureau graphs and charts and other data on his great, glass-topped desk. From the forecast for the morrow, from last year's temperature reading for the same day, and from the amount of steam being drawn off for client buildings, he determines the day's need. Lenz then telephones orders to dispatchers in the company's six plants, prepares them for calls which may be made upon the main line into which all steam feeds. It is the dispatchers' job to maintain a steady pressure behind the flowing steam; no matter how unexpected the demand for more.

BUSINESS BRIEFS

Control—Like a football in a cross-buck play, the $3,000,000,000 Van Sweringen railroad system changed hands again last week, passed from George A. Ball, elderly Muncie, Indiana, fruit-jar manufacturer, to three members of a relatively little-known brokerage-house, Young, Kolbe and Company. For the right to control Nickel Plate, C. & O., Pere Marquette and other properties in the 28,000-mile system, Allan P. Kirby (son of a founder of F. W. Woolworth Co.), Robert R. Young and Frank F. Kolbe paid $4,000,000 in cash, $2,375,000 in a two-year note—$6,375,000 in all.

Wall Street observers were quick to remark that neither seller nor buyers of the vast railroad system were railroad men—a unique circumstance. They also were quick in popping off a sheaf of rumors as to who the "real buyers" were. Since both Young and Kolbe are former assistant treasurers of General Motors Corporation, and since Young, Kolbe and Company is housed in New York's General Motors Building, guesses abounded that in the background of the deal stood the du Pont family. In Washington, Sen. Burton K. Wheeler (D., Mont.) of the Senate Rail Finance Committee promised to find out. Meanwhile, Messrs. Kirby, Kolbe and Young protested that the deal was consummated with "only our money."

* * *

For Sale—On the auction-block last week went the town of Koppel, Pennsylvania—fifty single houses, fifty double houses, a bank building, hotel and club-house. The seller was the Pressed Steel Company, acting for its subsidiary, the Koppel Industrial Car and Equipment Company. Two months ago, Koppel boasted 600 souls. Then Koppel Industrial moved to nearby McKees Rocks, took 75 per cent. of Koppel's residents with it. Koppel was built in 1907 by the German Ornstein Koppel Industrial Car Company, seized by the Alien Property Custodian during the War, bought from him by Pressed Steel.

* * *

Sour Voice—In 1912, business executives formed the United States Chamber of Commerce to give Big Business a voice. In the bullish Coolidge, Harding and Hoover eras that voice purred amiably, growled, however, at the advent of the New Deal. In 1934, business raised such a hue and cry about Government activities that the President berated business men for shouting "Wolf!" In 1935, the antagonism became a feud as the President snubbed the Chamber, bluntly declared it no longer voiced the real views of American business. Last year, the Chamber convention turned into a Republican rally; after the election, an era of good-feeling set in. Last week, as the Chamber held its twenty-fifth meeting, the sweet era of good-feeling turned sour. With indignation, spokesmen assailed the Wagner Labor Relations Act, charged it favored labor at the expense of business, urged that its claws be pulled with amendments. They hammered the New Deal's undistributed profits tax, deplored the President's Court plan.

* * *

Stretching—For years, hostesses have dreamed of a flexible bathing-suit that would fit lean and plump, tall and short guests alike. Wilfrid L. Sloan, thirty-three-year-old British designer and amateur boxer, recently answered their dream, designed a bathing-suit that stretches to fit any female figure from sizes twelve to twenty.

Seven years ago, Sloan, then working for the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, mulled over the idea of flexible apparel, created trunks of Lastex (elastic yarn made by winding silk and other fibers around a rubber core). Male athletes thought them too sissified. Undaunted, Sloan fashioned a bathing-suit for women. With the backing of textile interests, he turned out a batch of 10,000 suits which promptly were gobbled up by department stores in Chicago, New York, Detroit. Now he hopes to interest parents in buying flexible suits for growing children, arguing that the bathing-suit grows with the child.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mail

(Continued from page 1)

Yale tomfoolery. You simply quoted an Associated Press dispatch sent over the circuit more than a year ago. If you had written me, you would have been told that the Monarchist Party would support Roosevelt for King if he headed a movement to abolish the Senate and the House, stopped using liberal phrases which no intelligent person can believe.

The enclosed copy of *The Nationalist Quarterly* announces the formation of an American Coalition of Rightists, an organization of radical conservatives and fascists (as well as monarchists), who would support Roosevelt for a third term, or as Dictator, if he proved himself a true Rightist. Two-thirds of this organization are Catholics who feel that members of an authoritarian religion should support a movement which is authoritarian in politics.

However the Roman Catholic hierarchy may feel about this matter, the Catholic Rightists in the organization are convinced that Catholics who believe in political democracy are inconsistent. They also hold that a fascist (or corporate) State is a close approximation to the principles formulated by Pope Pius in his great encyclical, "Quadragesimo Anno."

I believe I have the right to demand that you print this letter . . . for your honest admission of having erred probably would remind your readers of your great error last fall — the straw vote indicating the overwhelming victory of that fine representative of purse fetichists, Alfred Mossman Landon.

That last paragraph is not to be deleted. It's necessary because the so-called American sense of humor is as greatly overrated as the Landon "trend" of last fall.

Boston, Massachusetts.

Hammal

By CAPT. F. R. G. MILTON, M.C.—

In a recent article, "Groans Heard," you told of the *hammals* of Istanbul who do the work of beasts of burden. It recalled an incident in my days as Adjutant of the Twenty-eighth Brigade, Royal Field Artillery.

It was in 1921, when we were embarking at Istanbul for England. The batteries were already on board the transport, and the only item left to embark was the office safe. A purchase-hook was fastened on to it, and three stout gunners started to haul. Now the gunners of the Royal Field Artillery, who have to handle the heavy eighteen-pounders pretty smartly, are picked from the heftiest of His Majesty's recruits. Yet the safe would not budge.

After a couple of minutes of vain tugging, up came an old wizened *hammal* who looked about ninety-nine years old. He backed up to the safe, gave a short twist of his body, and stood up with the safe on his back. While we stood by gaping, he walked up the plank and dumped the safe on board.

I fancy he embarked for his native Kurdistan that night, unless he was too drunk to go. The gunners had to be forcibly prevented from carrying him aboard the transport and taking him back to England as a pet.

Belize, British Honduras.

More Precious Than Rubies

By HENRY D. CHALFONT—

Rubies indeed are royal, yet not so much more valuable than diamonds and sapphires, as your March 27 article would lead lay readers to believe. Carat for carat, blue, green, or red diamonds are "more precious than rubies," to quote a trite saying. Red diamonds are even more highly prized than the finest pigeon's-blood rubies; a three-eighths-carat stone fetched $1,200 in 1908 or thereabouts.

As for blue diamonds, what is more rare than Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean's 44¼-carat Hope diamond, a scintillating sapphire-blue? The royal Saxon House of Wettin owns the Dresden Green, 48½-carats as rich in color as an early summer apple. Surely these are more precious than rubies!

Russia's mad Tsar Paul might have become insane gloating over his ten-carat brilliant red diamond. Capricious son of Catherine the Great, he paid 100,000 rubles for his prize, was strangled in 1801. His red diamond was last heard of about 1865.

Any posh jeweler would tell you that a ruby's worth is not dependent on color alone, but on its innate perfection. As far as highly-touted pigeon's-blood hues are concerned, it depends on whose pigeon you are putting in your pie. Two decades ago, a ten-carat ruby was sold over a New York jeweler's counter for a cool $50,000. That's a long shot off from the $1,000,000 for a "flawless pigeon's-blood ruby as large as ten carats" which you say "has never been found."

There are fifteen-carat rubies in New York now which could be had for $100,000. A few years ago, there was a flawless eighteen-carat stone offered in Paris. Even larger stones have been found. The *Raja* of the now-defunct Indian State of Bishenpur had two: one of 50¾ carats, another of 17½; while a 2,000-carat ruby lump, tho not of first quality, has been found in Tibet.

Nor was this source, along with Upper Burma's Magok, the only place where first-rate rubies have been washed up. Believe it or not, the gravel of streams near Franklin, Macon County, North Carolina, has yielded genuine stones of small size. Good rubies have been discovered in the Australian States of Victoria and New South Wales.

Fine rubies have come from Perm, Russia. Pinkish rubies of fine quality, also purplish ones of the tint of currant-wine, are being mined to-day at Ratnapura, Ceylon. Siam's mines yield very dark rubies, almost garnet in color, frequently with decidedly brownish tinge.

Perhaps the only safe generalization to make concerning rubies is to say that this gem has greater value in proportion to its size than any other precious stone.

Shelter Harbor, Rhode Island.

Statements that a ruby of from two to four carats is worth from five to ten times as much as a blue-white diamond of similar quality and size are common exaggerations which THE LITERARY DIGEST did not make.—*Editor.*

Lynch Law

By H. M. WILEY,
President of County School Board—

No right-thinking person cares to go on record as defending outright our lynch practise in the South. But in view of the article you published on this subject in your issue of March 20, I feel that a better understanding is what we need.

When a small town is burning, the citizenship does not sit back and wait for a small, underpaid and inefficient fire department to handle the situation. The entire citizenship lends a helping hand.

In the South, our best hand-shaker is usually our Sheriff; our Constables and City Marshals in small towns are paid practically nothing; our youngest lawyers, boys just out of law schools, are entitled to the County Attorney's job, and our District Attorneys are often inefficient.

So, with our poor law-enforcement, a revolting crime is committed. An outraged citizenship, knowing how inefficient their courts are, say: "Now, boys, we don't want to take the chance of the criminal breaking jail; we don't want to take the chance of several years' expense and uncertainty dragging this case through the courts; we don't want some misguided bunch of kind-hearted citizens up North to send a set of smart criminal lawyers and several thousand dollars down here, as was done in the Scottsboro case. Just stand back. This is our business, and we will attend to it in the quick, easy and cheap way."

Thus is the Southern community frequently required to "take refuge in lynch law," to be sure that justice is done.

Our only cure for this evil is a well-trained, well-paid law-enforcement body. We should give up our States' rights and turn over law-enforcement entirely to the Federal Government. It is the only way to secure efficient service.

Wheeler, Texas.

Hobo Origin

By JESSE BRYAN—

The article about hobos in THE LITERARY DIGEST is so unusually free of errors for a write-up on this subject that I feel at liberty to offer a few corrections.

I see the term "hoe-boys" is still considered as the probable origin of "hobo," notwithstanding that I wrote an article for the *Hobo News* some years ago discrediting the idea. Any one who was reared in the West knows that there are no such things as "hoe-boys of the West" or anywhere else, who follow the occupation of hoeing.

In the West, especially, ground is too cheap to cultivate with a hoe. Hoes are only used when the corn is too large to plow, or when the ground is weedy or wet. There are no "hoe-boys" hired especially for these odd jobs.

Decatur, Illinois.

By ELMER G. STILL—

Concerning the origin of the word "hobo," which two hobo leaders have been attempting to explain, as quoted in your issue of April 10:

I believe that the true origin of the word "hobo" is simply a natural contraction of "Hello, bo" meaning "Hello, brother," or "Hello, buddy." As a result of their greeting one another in this way in the "jungles" or on the road, the expression arose.

Many of our slang words and phrases have originated in this way, and "bo," in the sense mentioned, has long been common slang.

Livermore, California.

Cartoons

By ELLEN RADAIN—

For the second time in your excellent magazine, I have noticed a reprint of a cartoon grouping Mussolini, Hitler and Stalin in one sarcastic pose. There is no reason for this grouping.

Mussolini and Hitler would certainly object strenuously. Stalin, if he paid any attention, would probably be a trifle piqued.

Hitler and Mussolini are rulers from the top down. They suppress the masses so that capital's profits may be safe. They are supporting capital and being supported by capital.

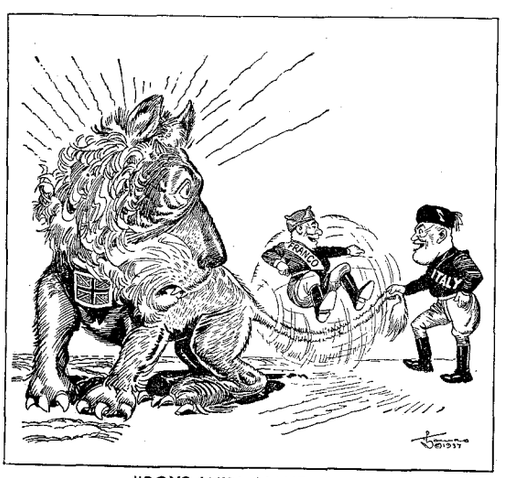
Stalin, who is merely the Secretary of the Communist Party, is ruling from the bottom up. Capital belongs to the people. The people themselves are the State, and to the State go all profits. Rather than oppressing, Stalin is pulling the people up.

It would seem then, that those who rate Fascism and Communism as parallel menaces are cock-eyed.

Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Cartoons reprinted in THE LITERARY DIGEST are chosen from various newspapers as representative of the week. As nearly as possible, opposing views are equally represented.—*Editor.*

"AN UNFEELING WORLD"
—Kirby in N. Y. World Telegram



"BOYS WILL HAVE FUN"
—Thomas in Detroit News

"SPEAKING OF CROWNINGS!"
—Talburt in Washington News

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Off-Side

Fire—Miss Anne Wilson, while speeding through Niles, Michigan, by train, put out a fire at her Kalamazoo home, fifty miles distant. She remembered she had left her electric curling-iron on. She scribbled a note and tossed it to the Niles station agent, who notified the Kalamazoo Fire Department. No damage resulted.

* * *

Arrest—Wanted! one taxicab, filled with deadly killers! Two cruising New York police-cars picked up the radio call, spotted the cab, covered with drawn revolvers Francis E. Friedly, Bronx driver. Death sentence was pronounced for the car-load of scarlet-fever germs. Cab and driver were condemned to fumigation.

* * *

Trailers—Those "kings of the earth" who winter in Florida, summer in Maine, and avoid residence taxes by living in trailers are in for a shock. The United States Census Bureau has inaugurated its first canvass of automobile trailers and "the floating population."

* * *

Exhausted—S. J. (Slim) Scarborough, sentenced to life for murder in 1925, has since escaped six times from Georgia chain-gangs. Last week, after a fortnight's furlough, he surrendered in Atlanta, saying, "I'm tired of dodging the law."

* * *

Brick—"A brick was there and I felt the Lord wanted me to throw it," explained the Rev. William D. Gray, Methodist minister, when tried for smashing two windows in Vesta, Arkansas, liquor stores. Municipal Judge J. A. Gallagher fined the fifty-nine-year-old preacher $113.75 and in default of payment ordered him to serve 151-2/3 days in jail.

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Blyth—2d Baron—silent *th;* just *bly.*

De La Warr—9th Earl—rimes with *mar: del'a-war.*

Ellesmere—4th Earl of—just *els'-mere.*

Enniskillen—5th Earl of—as spelled: *en'nis-kill-en.*

Fermoy—4th Baron—silent *r: fe-moy'.*

Hardinge—4th Viscount—forget *e: hard'ing.*

Jekyll—Lady; writer—she says *jee'-kil.*

Langhorne—maiden name, Viscountess Astor—she says it's *lang'han.*

Leinster—7th Duke of—rimes with *minster.*

Lucan—5th Earl of—as if spelled *loo'kn.*

Sit-Down—Storming Cockney mothers wheeled perambulators into Brockwell Park in South London, sat down in protest against the banning of baby-carriages from the gardens. An official invitation to consider the matter across a tea-table assuaged the rebellious mothers.

* * *

Persistence—"Soda Ash Johnny" Horan, Milwaukee Railroad boiler-washer inspector with eighty-two years of continuous service, was honored at a recent luncheon. Still firm of step despite his ninety-nine years, Horan has never had an accident, supports his son William, who retired in 1931 because of ill-health after a mere fifty years of service.

Slips That Pass in Type

Indians sent wireless signals by placing a hollow hog in a river and beating the uppermost end with a stick; the vibrations carried many miles in the water.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) paper.*

They called it a piggyogram.

For winning the playoff, the Miners will spit $1,799.99.—*Scranton (Pa.) paper.*

That's no way to treat good money.

Q. May one use an abbreviation in the salutory phrase of a letter, such as Dear Dr. Brown?

A. No. Do not use abbreviations in the salutation. Write, Dead Doctor Brown.—*Chester (Pa.) paper.*

Still better, don't write at all.

Fourteen thousand dollars marched in review to receive the Nazi salute from Hitler.—*Oklahoma City paper.*

For another thousand he'd have curtsied.

COLOMA BRIDE
STANDS 46 TONS
TEST FRIDAY
—*Placerville (Calif.) paper.*

Wotta woman!

The New York gunmen wounded a federal agent and a systander with a fusillade of shoes.—*San Diego paper.*

Clumsy, perhaps, but effective.

Children of the Galveston public schools, singing in chorus, will resent: "The Landing of the Pilgrims."—*Galveston (Tex.) paper.*

It's too late.

Foster's car was a buttered, second-hand affair.—*Charlotte (N. C.) paper.*

We prefer ours with a dab of jelly.

WANTED. Some one to put in about nineteen acres of cats on shares.—*Cadiz (Ohio) paper.*

And some one to put them out again?

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Recognition.—A recruit failed to salute a Captain. The Captain followed him inside and demanded: "Don't you recognize the uniform?"

"Yes, sir," replied the recruit, feeling of the Captain's coat. "Pretty nice uniform; look at this thing they issued me."—*Army and Navy Journal.*

Simpler.—"Give me a glass of milk and a muttered buffin."

"You mean a buffered muttin."

"No, I mean a muffered buttin."

"Why not take doughnuts and milk?"—*London Opinion.*

Non-Stop.—MARY: "Please, madam, I've knocked the marble clock off the side-board."

MADAM: "Has it stopped?"

MARY: "No, madam, it's gone straight through to the basement."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Fifty-Fifty.—TEACHER: "Children, there will be only a half-day of school this morning."

JOHNNY (in back seat). "Whoopee! Hurray!"

TEACHER: "Silence. We'll have the other half this afternoon."—*Boys' Life.*

Fair Exchange.—ANGRY MOTORIST: "Some of you pedestrians walk along just as if you owned the streets."

IRATE PEDESTRIAN: "Yes, and some of you motorists drive around just as if you owned the car."—*Christian Advocate.*

Directions.—THE BOSS (smiling): "On the way to Smith & Sons you will pass a baseball field and—"

OFFICE BOY (hopefully): "Yes, sir?"

THE BOSS (still smiling): "Well, pass it."—*Boys' Life.*

A Deal.—PROSPECTIVE FATHER-IN-LAW: "If I give my daughter a large dowry, what have you to offer in exchange?"

PROSPECTIVE SON-IN-LAW: "I can give you a receipt."—*Weekly News (Auckland, N. Z.).*

And How!—Six-year-old Mary awoke about two in the morning.

"Tell me a story, mamma," she pleaded.

"Hush, darling," said mother, "daddy will be in soon and tell us both one."—*Bronx (N. Y.) Home News.*

View-Point.—SHE: "Don't the bride look stunning?"

HE: "Yeah, and don't the groom look stunned?"—*Sixth District (CCC) Gazette.*

Sad.—VISITOR: "Are you the Executive Officer? I have a grandson serving on board."

ANY EXEC: "Yes, madam. He's away on leave just now attending your funeral."—*Pensacola Air Station News.*

Happy Ending.—Three Britons, each hard of hearing:

FIRST LIMEY: "Is this Wembley?"

SECOND PELTER: "No, it's Thursday."

THIRD LIMEY: "So am I. Let's have a Scotch and soda."—*U. S. Coast Guard.*

Little Pal.—MOTHER (to small son): "Now, Johnnie, you can't have the hammer to play with. You'll hit your fingers."

JOHNNIE: "No, I won't, Mummie. Doris is going to hold the nails."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

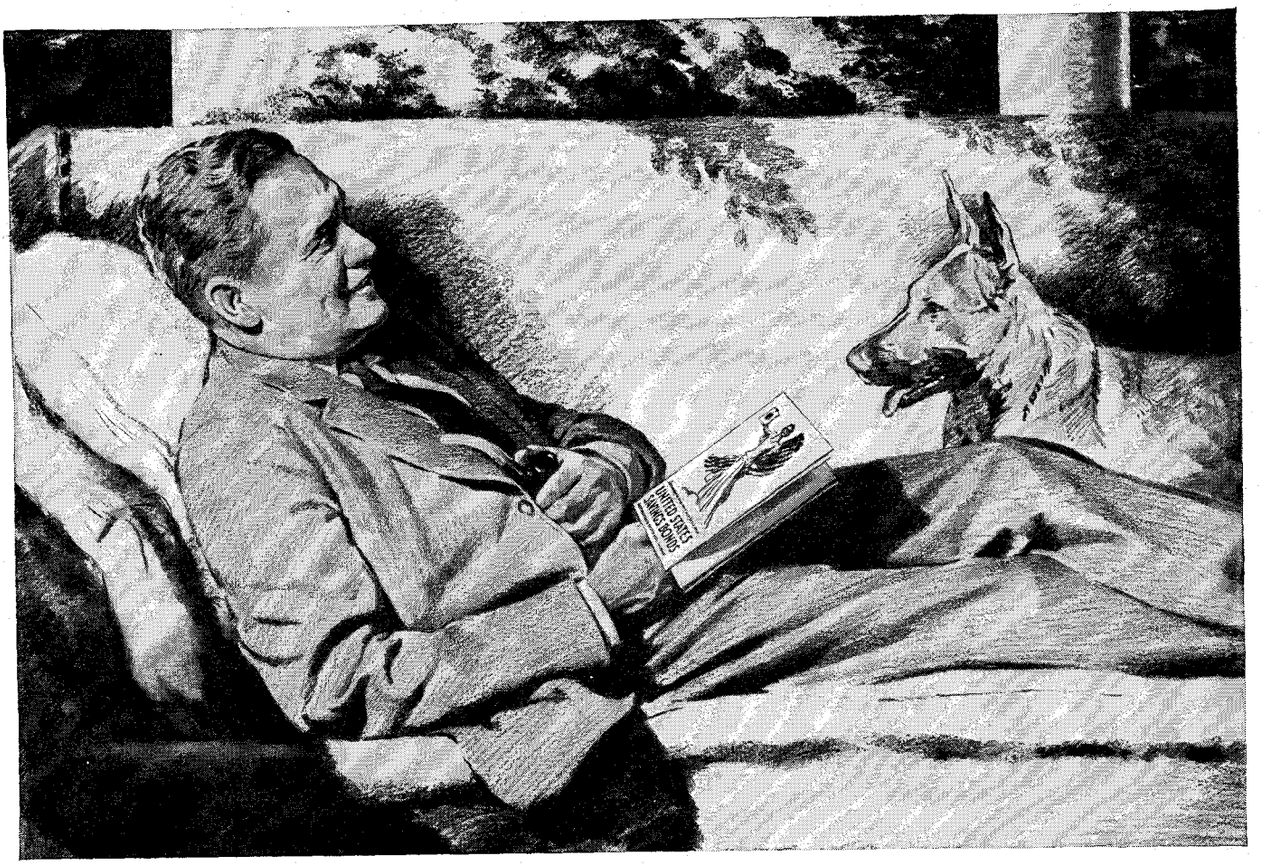
New Version.—WIFE (looking over travel folders): "Why not take an ocean cruise, dear?"

HUSBAND: "Hm-m, beggars can't be cruisers."—*Windsor Star.*

A Help.—"He entertains a pretty good opinion of himself."

"He does? Well, I don't know anything more entertaining."—*Portland (Me.) Express.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"UNDER THIS GOVERNMENT PLAN, I CAN SAVE EASILY AND INVEST SAFELY"

A Regular Purchase Plan offered by the United States Treasury Department makes it easy to save systematically at intervals of your own choice, by investing in United States Savings Bonds. These bonds are free from price fluctuation and, if desired, may be redeemed in cash at any time after 60 days from issue date. Their value increases after they have been held one year and each six months thereafter until maturity. By holding the bonds for ten years, 33⅓% is added to the amount invested. Savings Bonds also free the owner from investment detail, as there are no coupons to clip and no interest to reinvest. Investment programs which provide payments for varying amounts are shown below.

UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS

DIRECT OBLIGATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

HOW TO SAVE SYSTEMATICALLY

To provide funds for the future, select the program best suited to your needs, then buy a bond each month.

If you invest each month for 120 consecutive months any specific amount shown below	Beginning in 10 years you will receive each month for 10 years thereafter
$18.75	$25.00
$37.50	$50.00
$75.00	$100.00
$93.75	$125.00
$187.50	$250.00
$375.00	$500.00

Savings Bonds are sold on a discount basis. They mature in 10 years from issue date for ⅓ more than their purchase price.

FOR SALE AT POST OFFICES AND DIRECT BY MAIL

TO ORDER BY MAIL

TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, D-05, Washington, D. C.

☐ Please send me without obligation your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft, or money order.

NUMBER			
.....	$25 United States Savings Bonds at	$18.75	$ .....
.....	$50 United States Savings Bonds at	$37.50	$ .....
.....	$100 United States Savings Bonds at	$75.00	$ .....
.....	$500 United States Savings Bonds at	$375.00	$ .....
.....	$1000 United States Savings Bonds at	$750.00	$ .....
		Total	$ .....

It is understood that not more than $10,000 (maturity value) of these bonds issued during each or any calendar year (January 1 to December 31) may be held by any one person.

Register in the name of and send to

Name { Miss / Mrs. / Mr. } _____

Street address _____

City _____ State _____

Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED